

APRIL

No. 22

NATIONAL COMICS

10c

Starring
UNCLE SAM
AMERICA'S HERO



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



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Any prize shown in this circle, and dozens of others in our FREE PRIZE BOOK, is GIVEN to you for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Everybody wants American Seeds—they are fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once. Send the coupon now for FREE SINGING LARIAT, Seeds and Free Prize Book showing over sixty prizes like Toilet Set, Roller Skates, Radio, etc.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

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RED RYDER LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESHNER, INC., NEW YORK



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A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle.



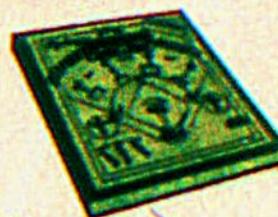
EASTMAN CAMERA
Given for selling only one order



Pepperell "Warm-weave" parti-wool blanket. Warm, soft and fleecy!



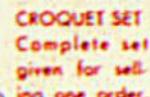
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Please send my FREE SINGING LARIAT, the BIG GIFT BOOK, and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

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GENE AUTRY GUITAR

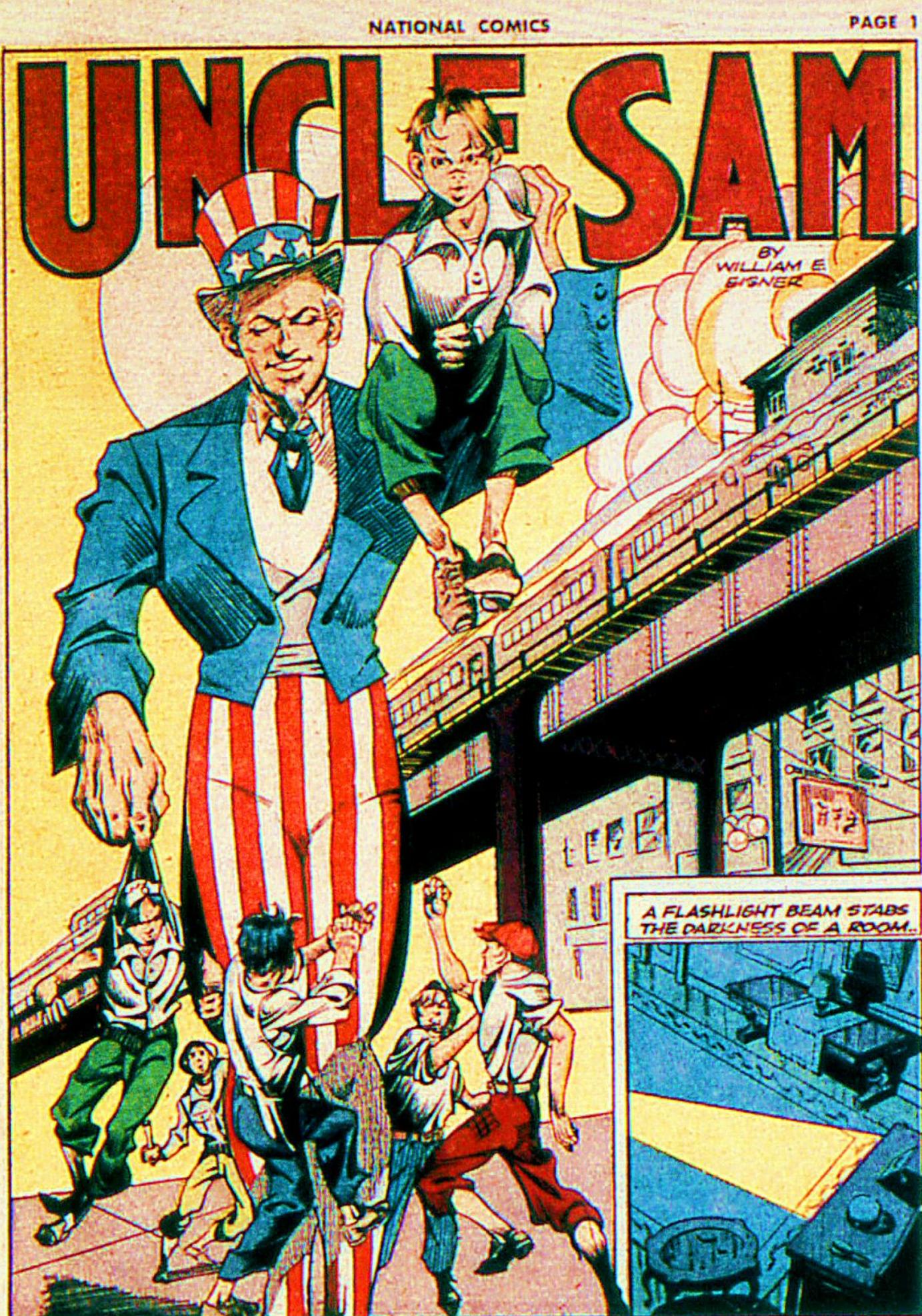
Folk and ballads decorated with Gene Autry's

FREE! A GENUINE SINGING LARIAT GIVEN FREE FOR MAILING THE COUPON TODAY! ACT AT ONCE

NATIONAL COMICS, April, 1942, No. 22. Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Yearly subscription \$1.20, plus 20 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. E. S. Murthy, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazines, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

UNCLE SAM

BY WILLIAM E. SINGER



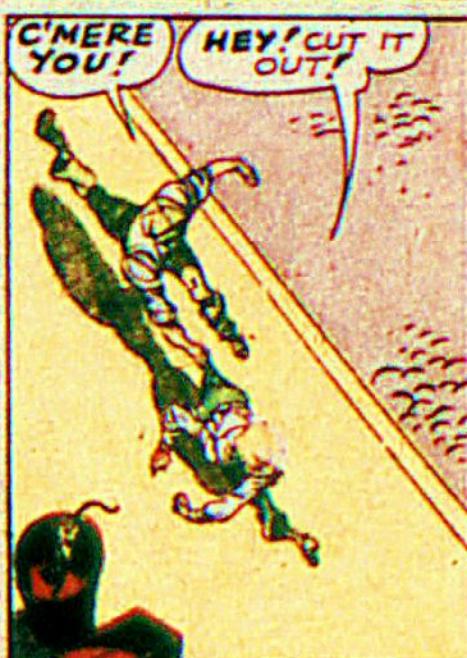
A FLASHLIGHT BEAM STABS
THE DARKNESS OF A ROOM...





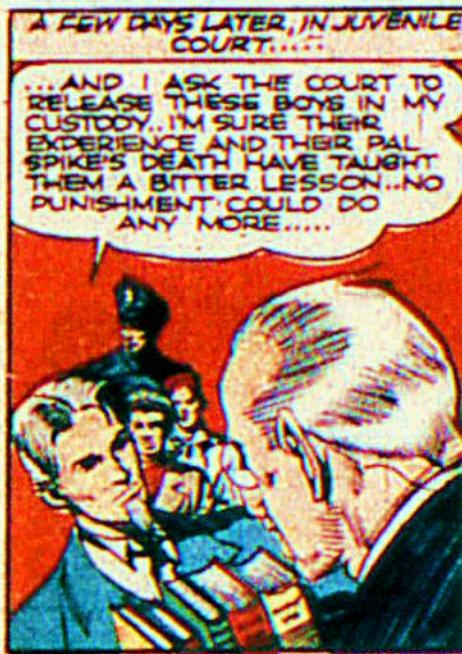


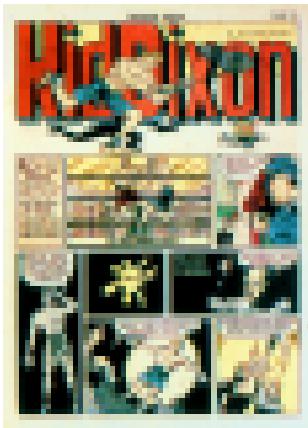








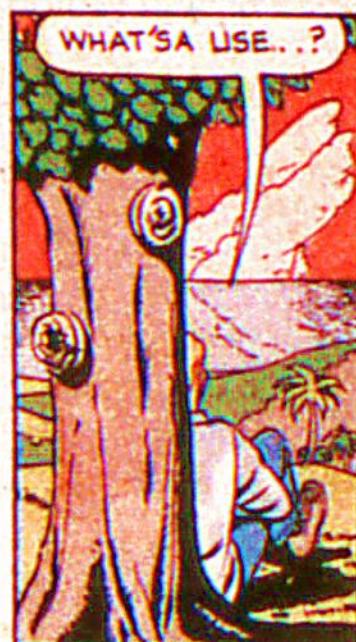


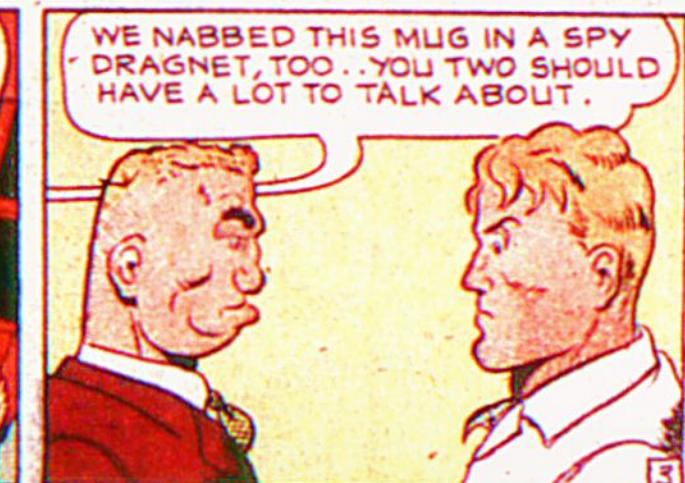
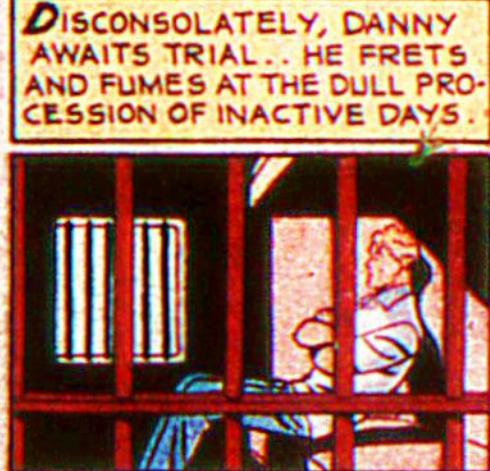




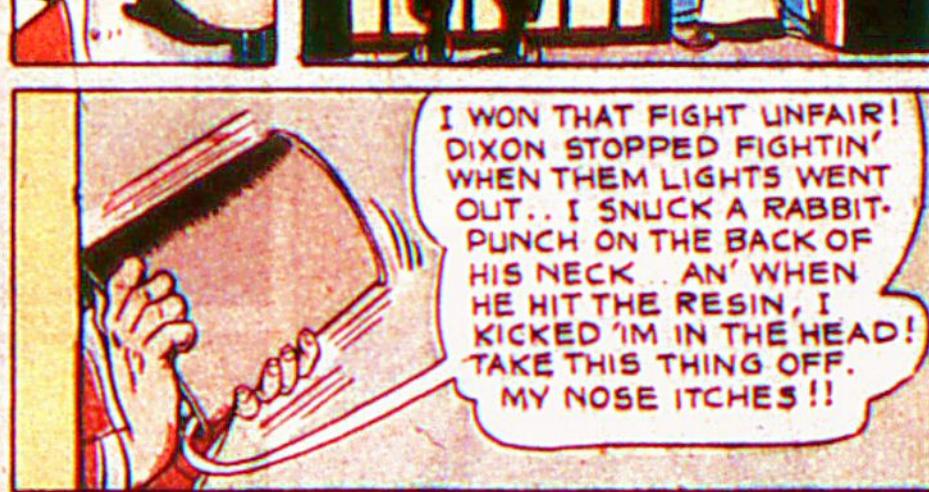
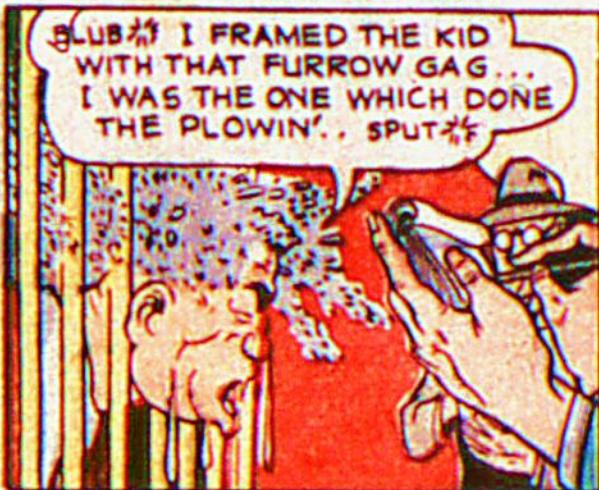


SOME DAYS LATER, THE KID SULKS AT HIS TRAINING CAMP, ADJOINING THE RANCH PROPERTY OF JOE CAHOOCH, THE NEW CHAMP..









FOLLOW THE FURTHER UPS AND DOWNS IN THE FISTIC CAREER OF KID DIXON IN THE NEXT NATIONAL COMICS.

QUICKSILVER

THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD *by Nick Cardy*

STRIKING WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING, QUICKSILVER GOES TO WORK AGAINST THE LAWLESS. THIS TIME STRIKING WITH DEADLY FURY AT THE BLOOD-THIRSTY MENACE FROM ACROSS THE DARK WATERS OF THE PACIFIC.

HIGH ABOVE THE TOWERS OF SAN FRANCISCO, TINY SPECKS IN THE SKY MOVE EASTWARD FROM OVER THE HORIZON.... 20,000 FEET IN THE AIR... JAPANESE BOMBERS

III THE FLAGSHIP OF THE SQUADRON...

WHEN WE ARE FINISHED TONIGHT NO BUILDING WILL BE STANDING IN 'FRISCO!!



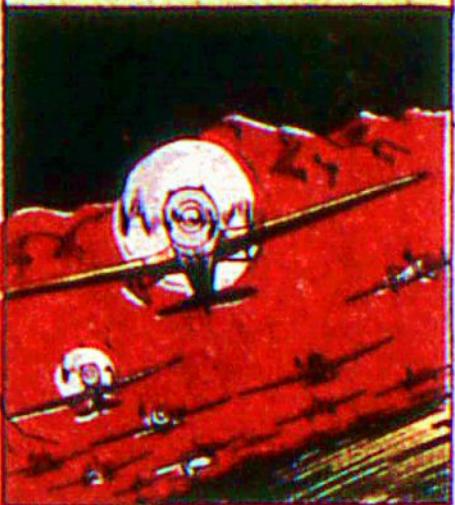
ONE BY ONE THE DEADLY PLANES BEGIN THEIR MERCILESS PLUNGE UPON SAN FRANCISCO.



BUT.. UNKNOWN TO THE INVADERS, AN INTRICATE CIVILIAN AND ARMY DEFENSE SYSTEM IS WORKING ON THE GROUND. STANDING BY TO SMASH A COUNTER-BLOW AT THE ATTACKERS....



A ROAR OF POWERFUL MOTORS BREAKS THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT ACROSS THE AIRFIELDS OF NEARBY SAN FRANCISCO FROM INTERCEPTOR PLANES AT HIGH SPEED.

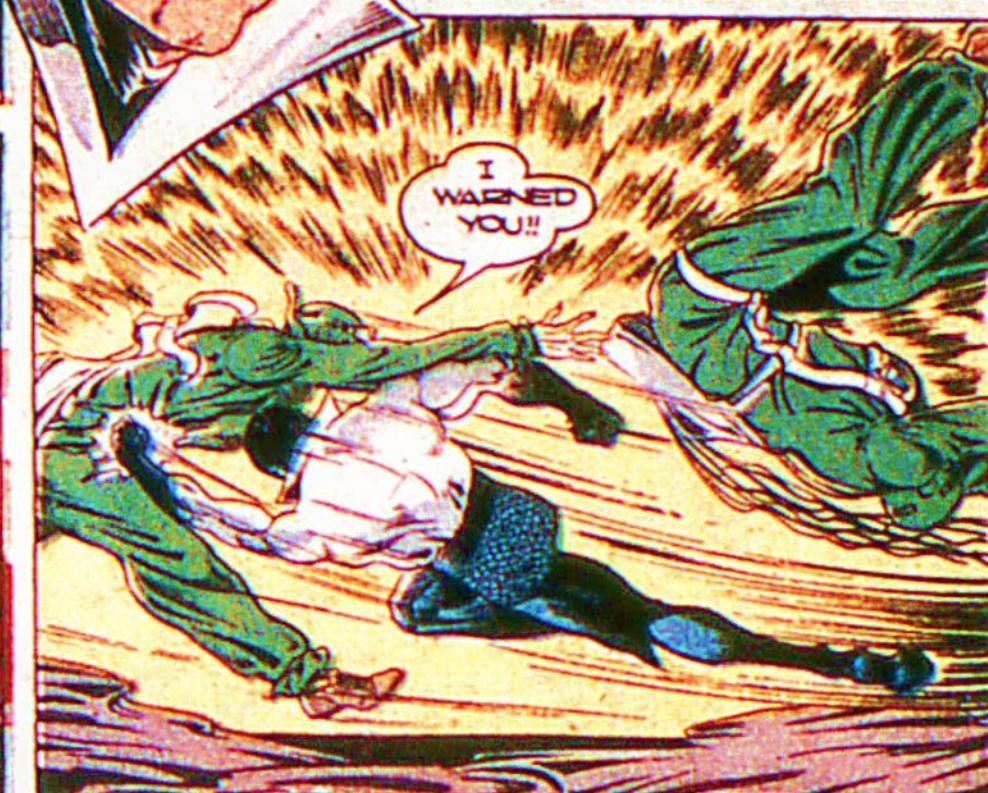
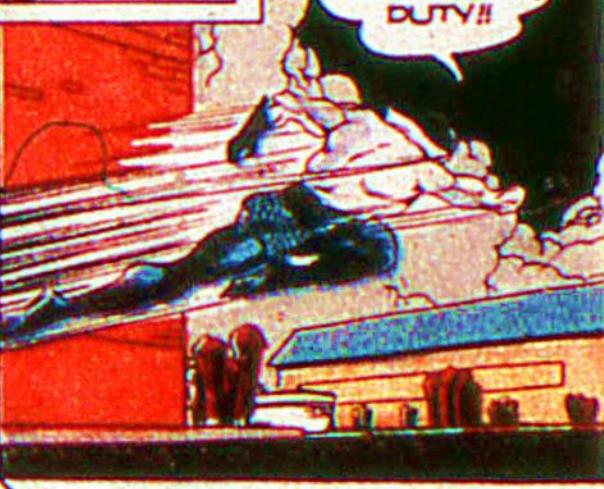








A SHORT TIME LATER





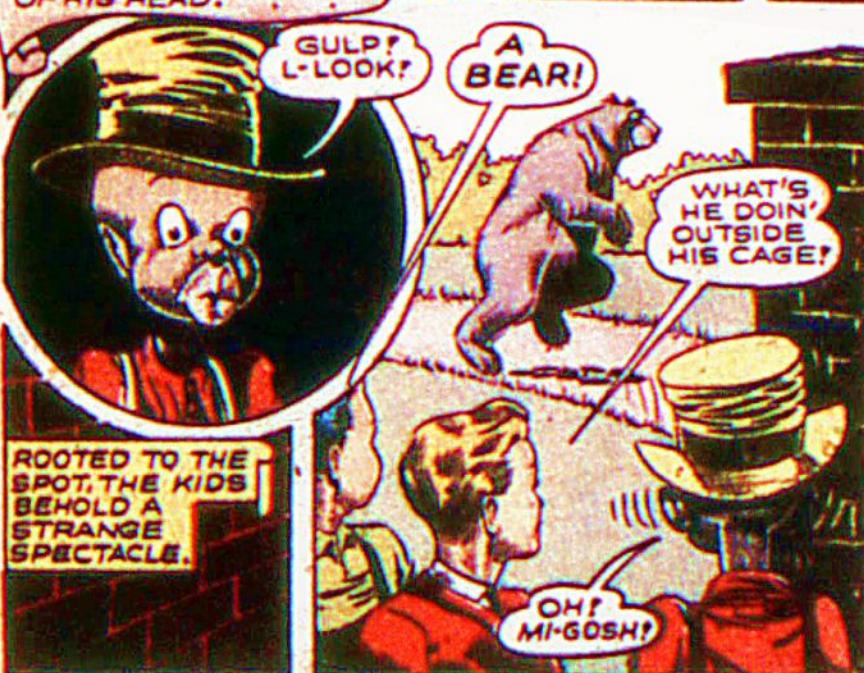
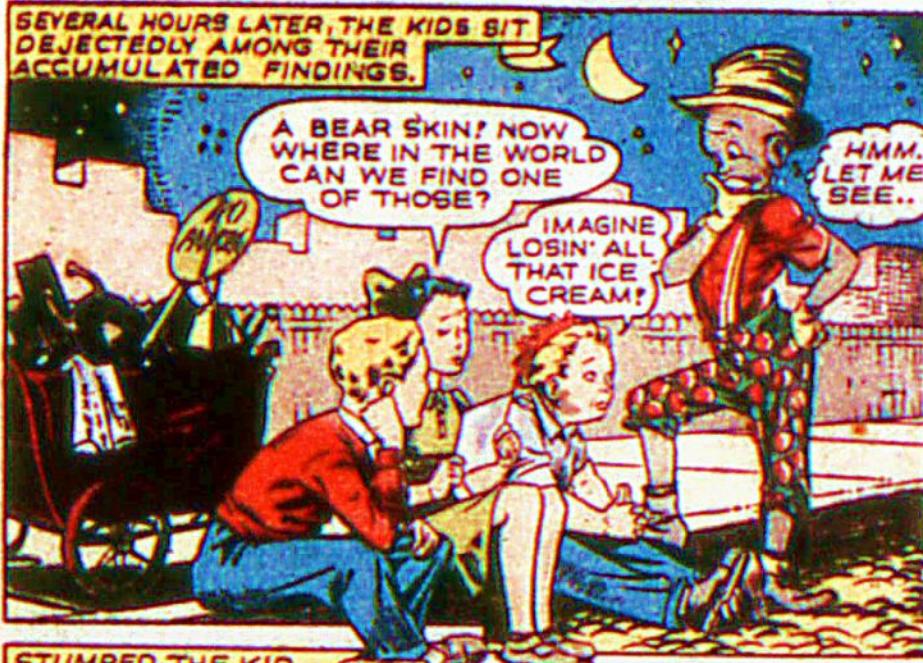


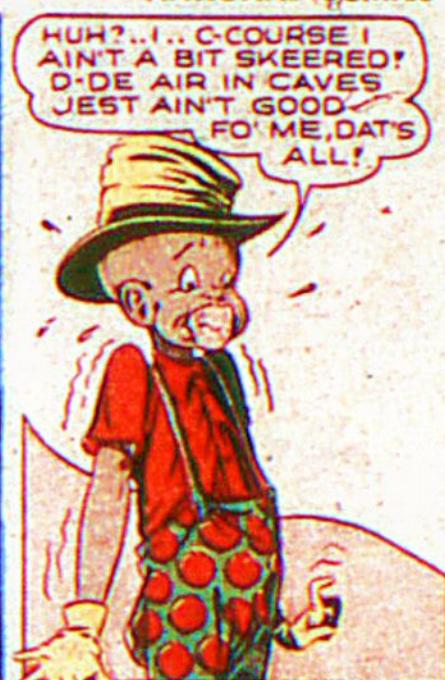
ENTHUSIASTIC GUESTS AT PORKY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY, TEDDY AND SUNSHINE MARVEL AT THEIR YOUNG HOST'S AMAZING FOOD CAPACITY.

SUDDENLY, PORKY'S SISTER BREAKS UP HIS FAVORITE SPORT.. EATING.

AND AS THE CHILDREN DIVIDE INTO GROUPS, THE KID PATROL TAKES THE LEAD.







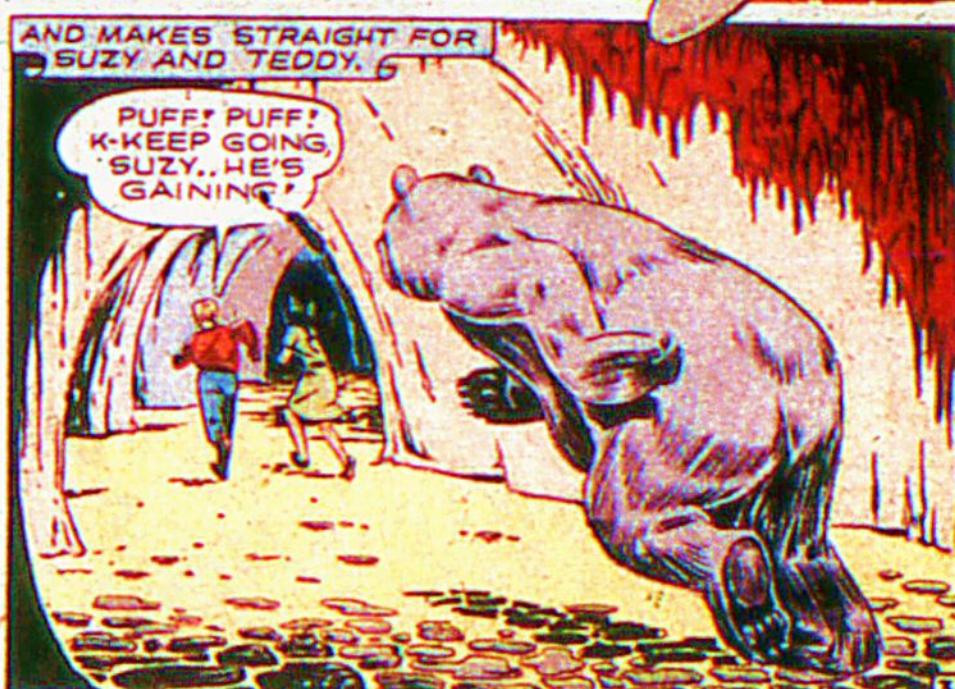
CAUTIOUSLY, THEY ENTER THE CAVE.

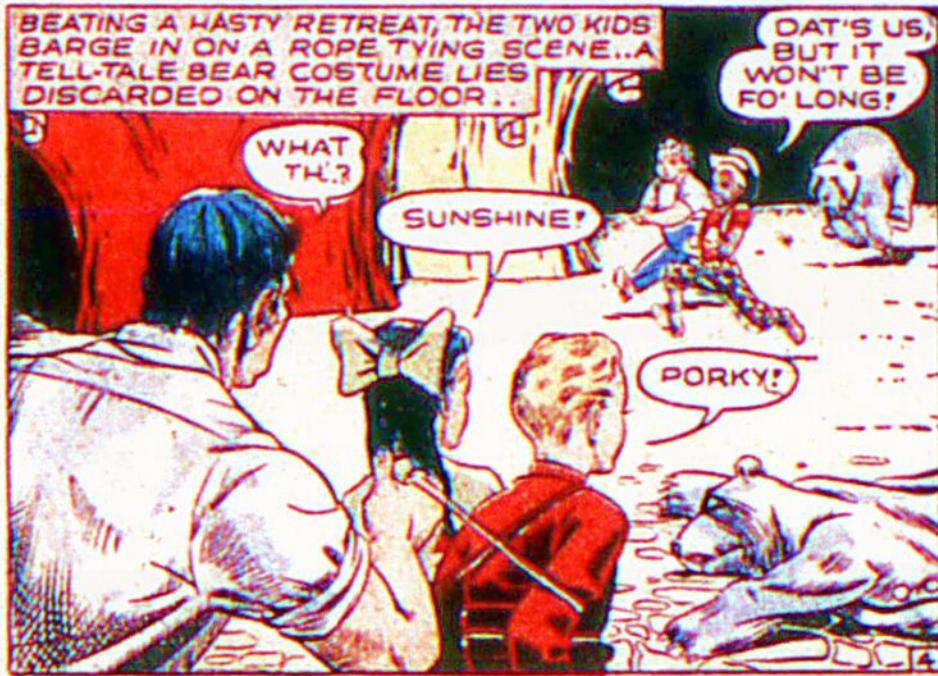


STARTLED, THE BEAST TURNS SHARPLY . . .

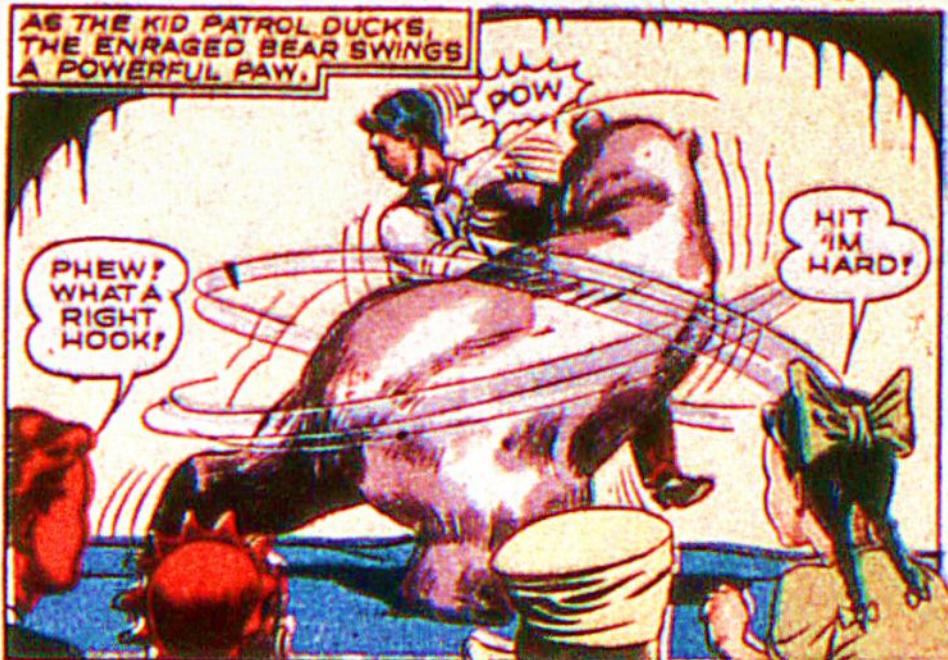


AND MAKES STRAIGHT FOR SUZY AND TEDDY.





AS THE KID PATROL DUCKS,
THE ENRAGED BEAR SWINGS
A POWERFUL PAW.



WEAKENED FROM LONG HIBERNATION, THE BEAR STAGGERS BACK TO HIS CAVE, LEAVING A DAZED VICTIM BEHIND HIM.



TURNING SLEEPILY,
PORKY IS UNAWARE
OF THE CULPRIT'S
QUICK RECOVERY...



BINDING THE WRITHING BEAR
MASQUERADE, TEDDY HAILS A PASSING WATCHMAN...



AND THE DUMFOUNDED
KEEPER DEPARTS WITH
A SULLEN PRISONER IN
TOW...



THE STRANGE PROCESSION
MOVES HOMeward.



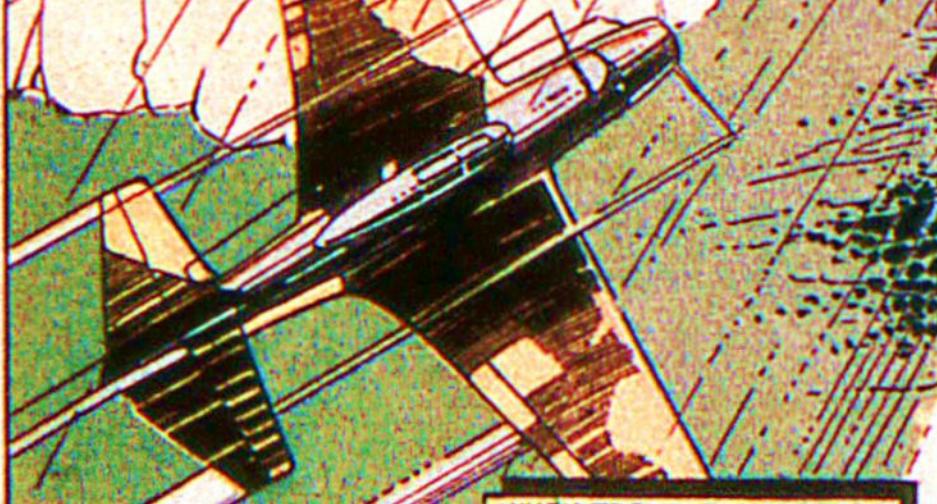
BACK AT PORKY'S HOUSE...



INNOCENT CURIOSITY LEADS
THE UNSUSPECTING KID
PATROL INTO ANOTHER
UNCANNY ADVENTURE
IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE
OF

NATIONAL COMICS

PROP POWERS

BY
Lynn
Byrd

ON COAST PATROL, PROP AND LANK TEAR INTO A LASHING STORM.

CONTACT OUR BASE, LANK. TIME TO REPORT!

WHEN TROUBLE SHOOTERS ARE WANTED, THE CALL GOES OUT FOR THE U.S. COAST GUARD HEROES, PROP POWERS AND HIS PAL LANK, WHO BATTLE THE INSIDIOUS ENEMIES OF AMERICA...

PROP POWERS! SOS, CALL FROM S.S. ABILENE. LATITUDE 15° LONGITUDE 64°. ASSIST SHIP IF POSSIBLE. THAT IS ALL...

THERE'S OUR CUE FOR ACTION!



WE'LL BE OVER THEM IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES.. HOPE WE CAN DO SOMETHING!

RIGHT!





PROP STEALTHILY SLIPS PASS
THE GUARDS AND REACHES THE
BEACH.



A GERMAN FIRING SQUAD SILENTLY LINES UP BEFORE LANK AND TAKES AIM.. SUDDENLY...



AN EAR SPLITTING YELL COMES FROM THE WOODS.



THE SHOUT WHICH DISTRACTED THE NAZIS CAME FROM PROP'S HEALTHY LUNGS.



WITH A LUNGE HE LEAPS ON THE REAR NAZI SOLDIER.



HOW D'YA LIKE THE AMERICAN FIST?!



THE SECOND GERMAN WHIRLS TO FIRE, BUT PROP BEATS HIM TO THE DRAW.



THE STERN REICH CAPTAIN HEARS THE SHARP GUNFIRE COMING FROM THE BRUSH.



SUDDENLY, A HEAD POPS UP THROUGH THE GRASS NEAR THE CLEARING.



STAND BACK AND DON'T MOVE! C'MON, LANK!



BUT SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE NAZIS STUMPLES INTO CAMA.



FIGHTING TO THEIR PLANE, THE BOYS ZOOM INTO THE AIR.



A SHORT TIME LATER, THEY PASS A SQUADRON OF BOMBERS ENROUTE TO THE GERMAN BASE.



BACK AT COAST GUARD HEADQUARTERS.



PROP AND LANK FLY INTO MORE THRILLING ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S
NATIONAL COMICS.

SALLY ONEIL

POLICEWOMAN

by Frank Kearns





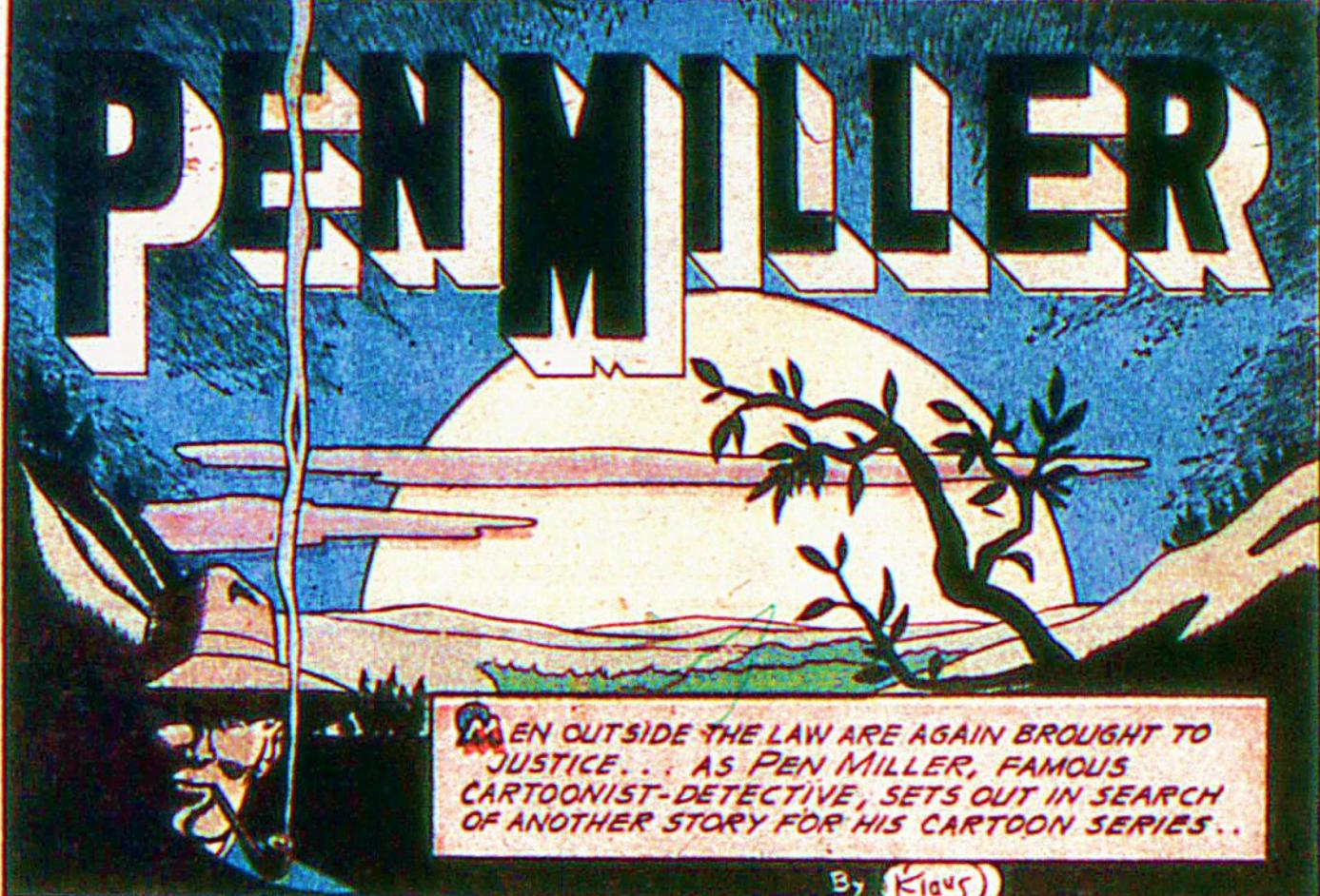








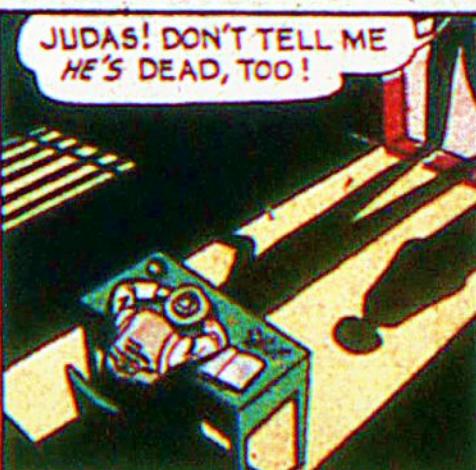
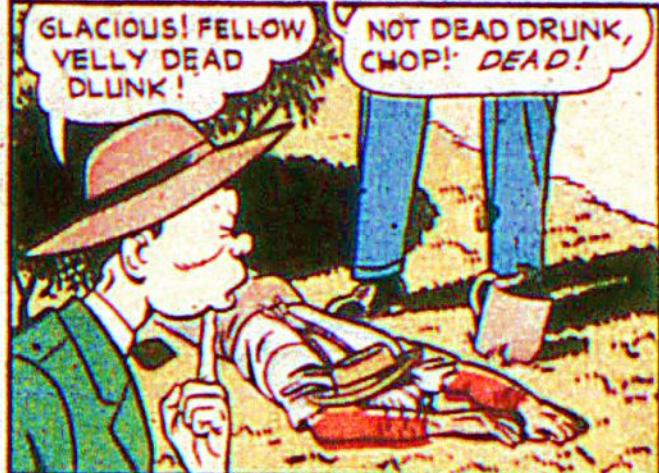
PEN MILLER



Men outside the law are again brought to justice... as Pen Miller, famous cartoonist-detective, sets out in search of another story for his cartoon series...

By (Klaus)

RETURNING FROM A SOUTHERN JAUNT, THE CARTOONIST AND HIS VALET PASS THROUGH THE HILL COUNTRY...







AND THE DAZED AND DELUSED DOLTS COMPLY.

POOR LITTLE CHOP CHU IS FORCED TO RIDE IN THE VAN



WAAL. WHUT NOW, FURRINER?





PEN MILLER FINDS ANOTHER
STORY FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF
NATIONAL COMICS...

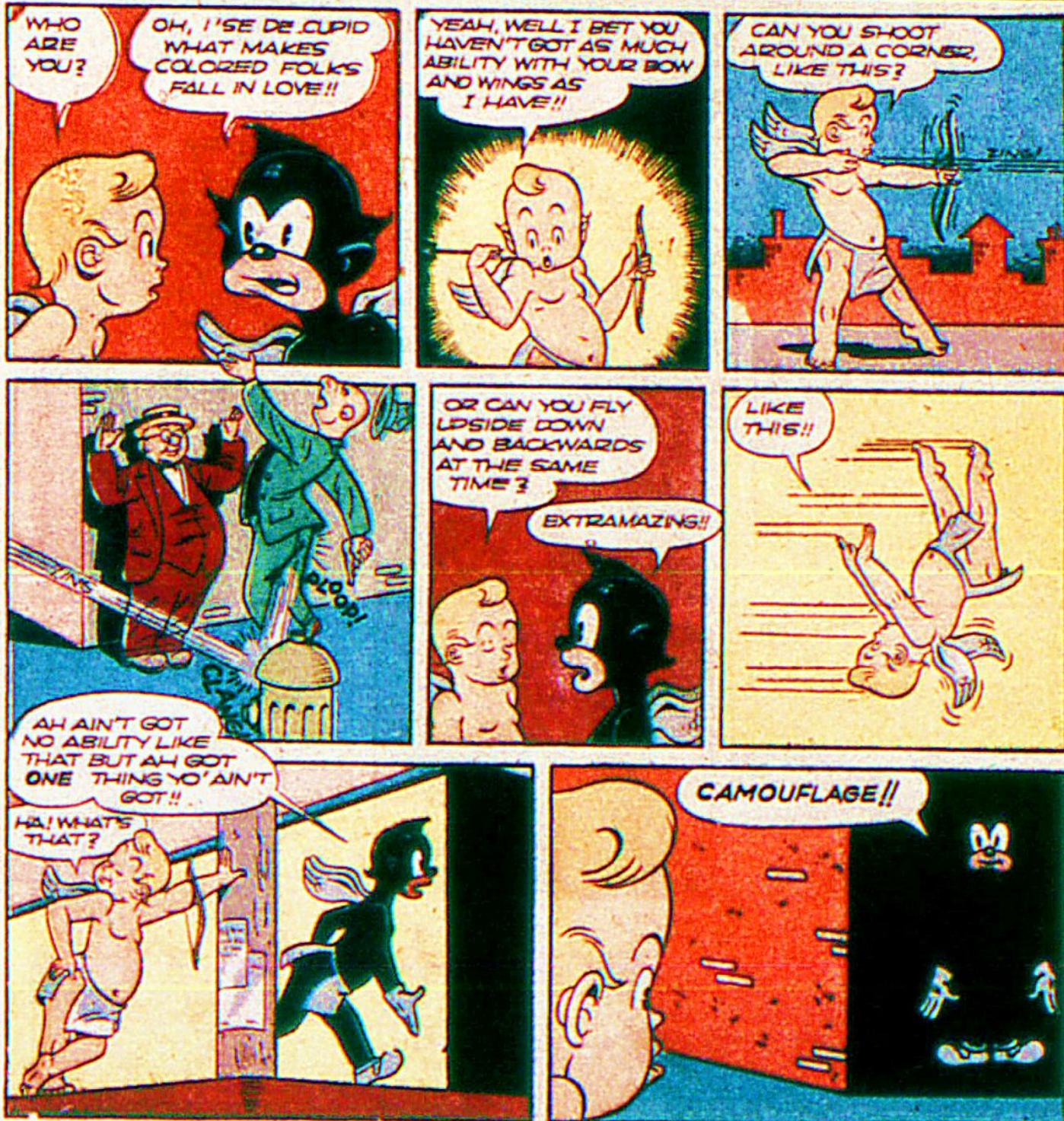
CYCLONE CUPID

CYCLONE IS FLYING
OVER HARLEM...

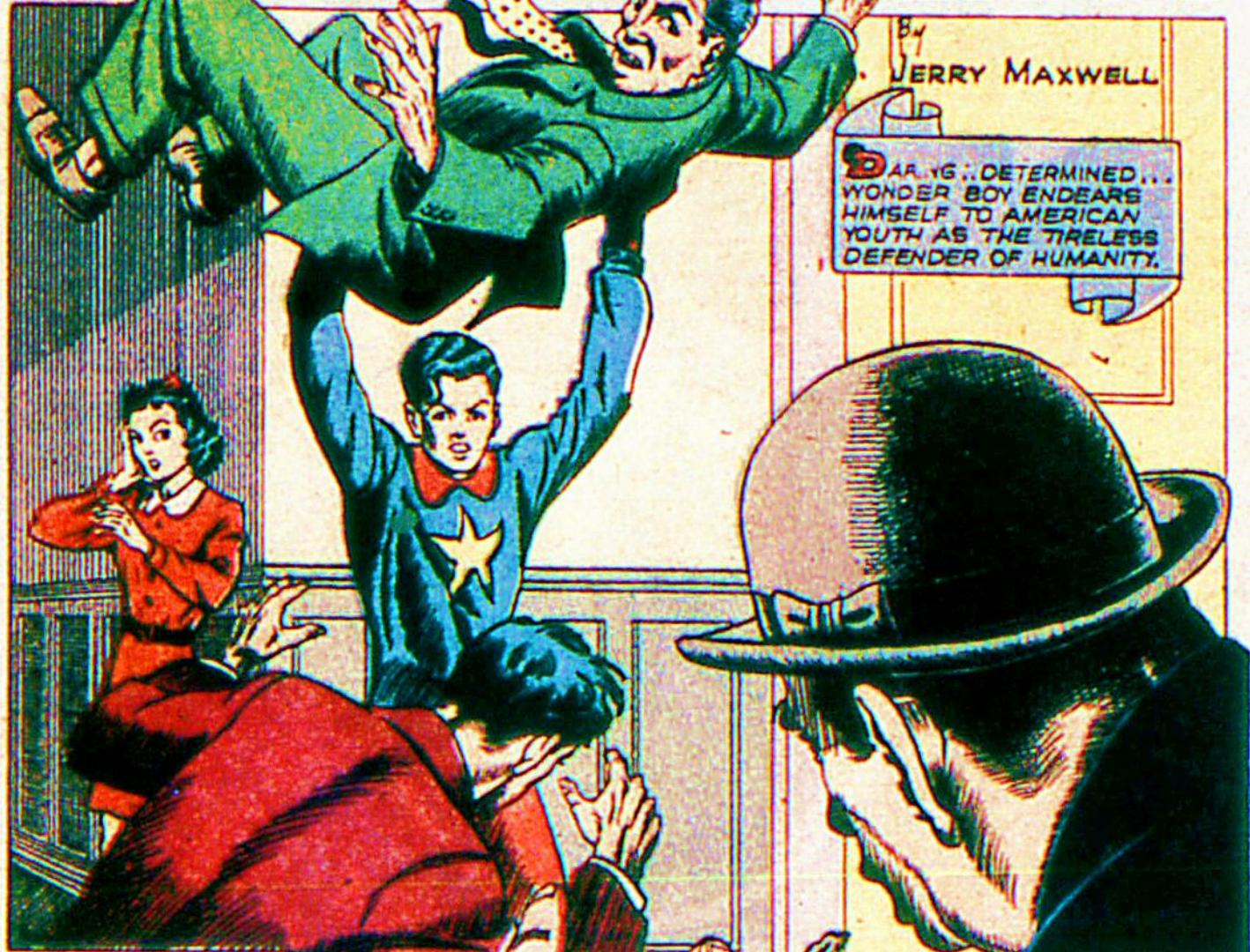
HE
AIN'T
STUPID!

GILL
FOX

HEY, WHAT YO'
DOIN', FLYIN'
ON TH' WRONG
SIDE OF DE
AIR?



WONDER BOY



By JERRY MAXWELL

DARLING... DETERMINED...
WONDER BOY ENDEARS
HIMSELF TO AMERICAN
YOUTH AS THE TIRELESS
DEFENDER OF HUMANITY.

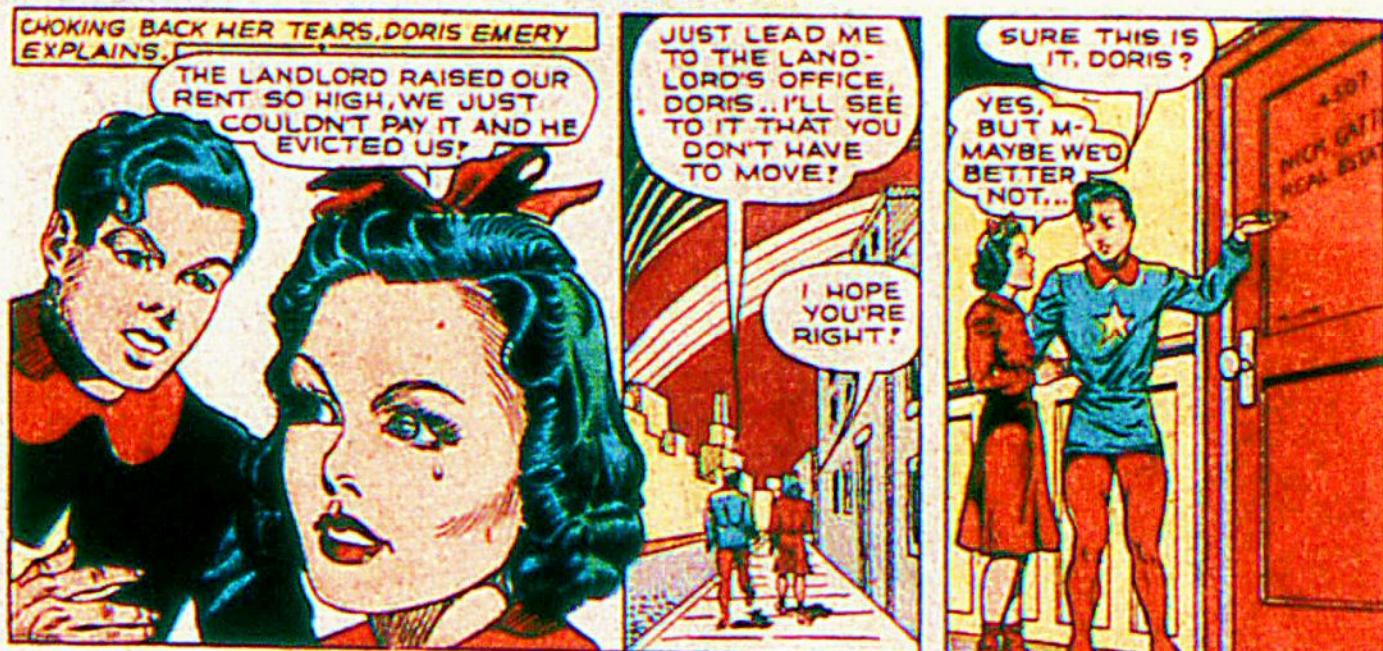
STROLLING THROUGH
THE CITY SLUM AREA,
WONDER BOY FINDS A
TRAGIC SIGHT.

SAY, LOOKS
LIKE THOSE
FOLKS AREN'T
TOO HAPPY
ABOUT
MOVING...

HELLO,
SON!

IS THERE SOMETHING
WRONG, MAM? CAN
I HELP?





FURIOUSLY, GATTO BARKS ORDERS AS WONDER BOY AND DORIS ESCAPE.

IF YOU DUMB CLUCKS DON'T A NAB THOSE KIDS BEFORE THEY SPILL THE BEANS TO THE COMMISSIONER, THIS RENT RACKET IS ALL WASHED UP!.. GET GOIN'!

SOON, IN A NEIGHBORING SKYSCRAPER'S LOBBY...

SUDDENLY...

WE'LL TAKE THE NEXT ELEVATOR UP TO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE! DON'T BE AFRAID TO TELL HIM EVERYTHING!

HEY! LET HER GO!

OH!

COLD RAGE ADDING FORCE TO HIS OVERWHELMING STRENGTH, WONDER BOY SMASHES THE STEEL DOORS.

THOSE DIRTY CROOKS! WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON GATTO'S STOOGES...

GRASPING A HANGING CABLE, HE CLINGS TO THE ASCENDING LIFT.

AS THE ELEVATOR NEARS THE TOP FLOOR...

IF YOU MUGS HURT THAT GIRL, I'LL...

STARTLED, THE THUGS' EYES FAIRLY POR...

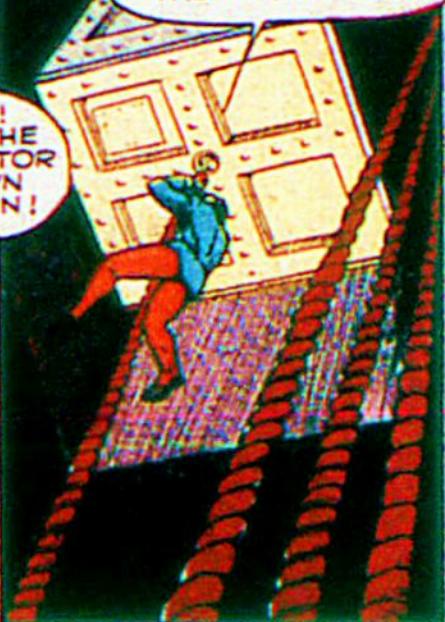
HUH?! THE BRAT'S ON THE BOTTOM OF THIS MONKEY CAGE!

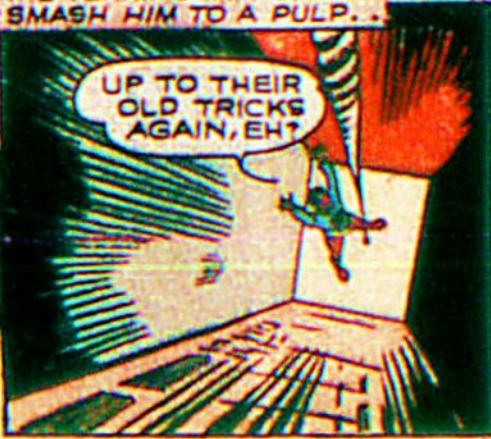
QUICK! SEND THE ELEVATOR DOWN AGAIN!

SO! WE'RE HEADING BACK FOR THE MAIN FLOOR!

AS THE CAR NEARS THE BOTTOM, WONDER BOY JUMPS AND BRACES HIMSELF...

NOW, LET IT COME!







STUNNED BY WONDER BOY'S UNHARMED APPEARANCE, THE THUGS ARE TAKEN OFF GUARD!

MAYBE THIS'LL SHOW YOU HOW I FEEL ABOUT RATS!





THE YACHT DOCKS AT A SMALL PIER, AND PALMER LEADS THE WAY ACROSS A TROPICAL PARADISE.



SUDDENLY, THE SHRILL ECHO OF A PISTOL BULLET SPLITS THE HEAVY AIR, AND....



PHEW! LUCKY THEY ONLY GOT YOU IN THE SHOULDER, OLD MAN! SOMEONE'S MIGHTY INTERESTED IN KEEPING YOU OUT OF HERE!



AT THEIR HOST'S PLANTATION HOUSE...



SEEMS TO ME THERE'S A LOT MORE THAN RUBBER SAP BEING PRODUCED IN THESE PARTS!



STARTLED, JACK STOPS AS VOICES DRIFT THROUGH THE SILENT GROVE...



FROM BEHIND A HUGE TRUNK, JACK WITNESSES A STRANGE SCENE.



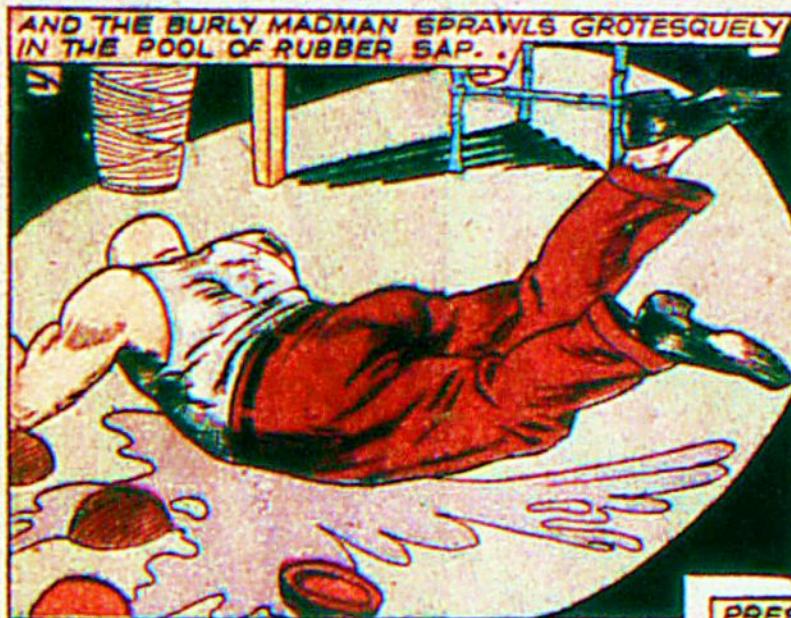
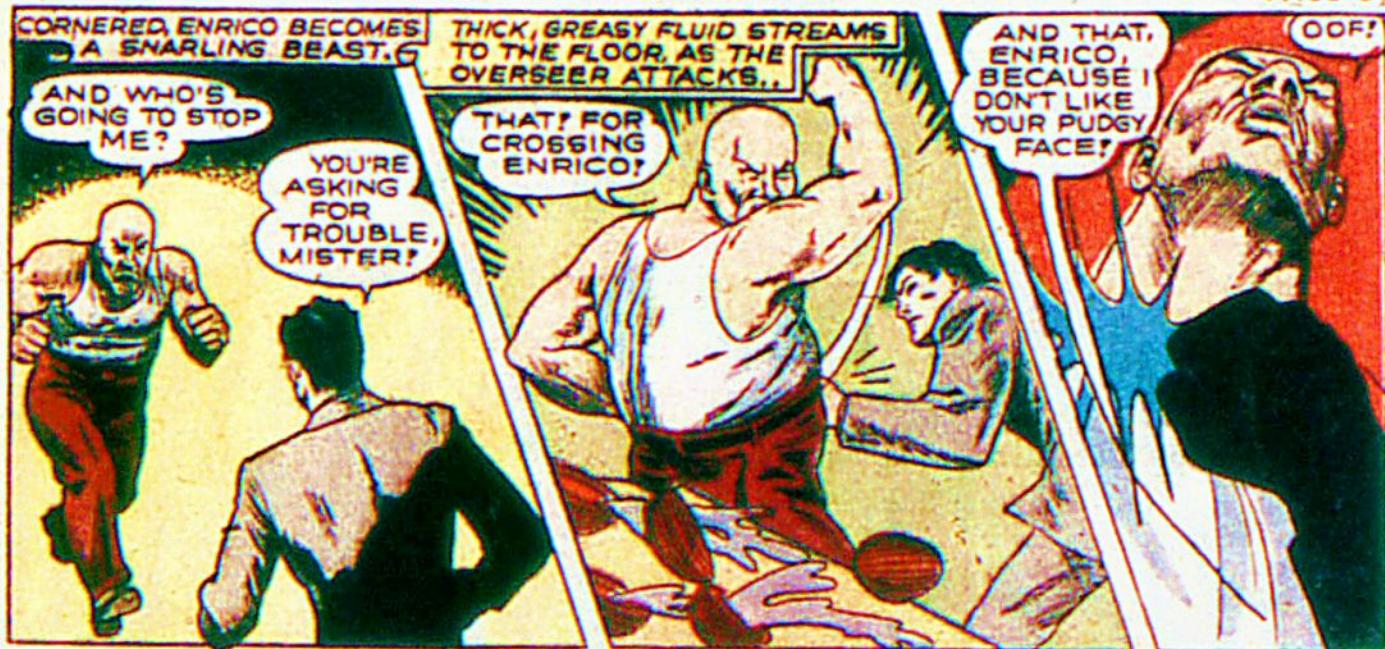
FURIOUS, A BURLY WHITE MAN FACES A PLEADING NATIVE.



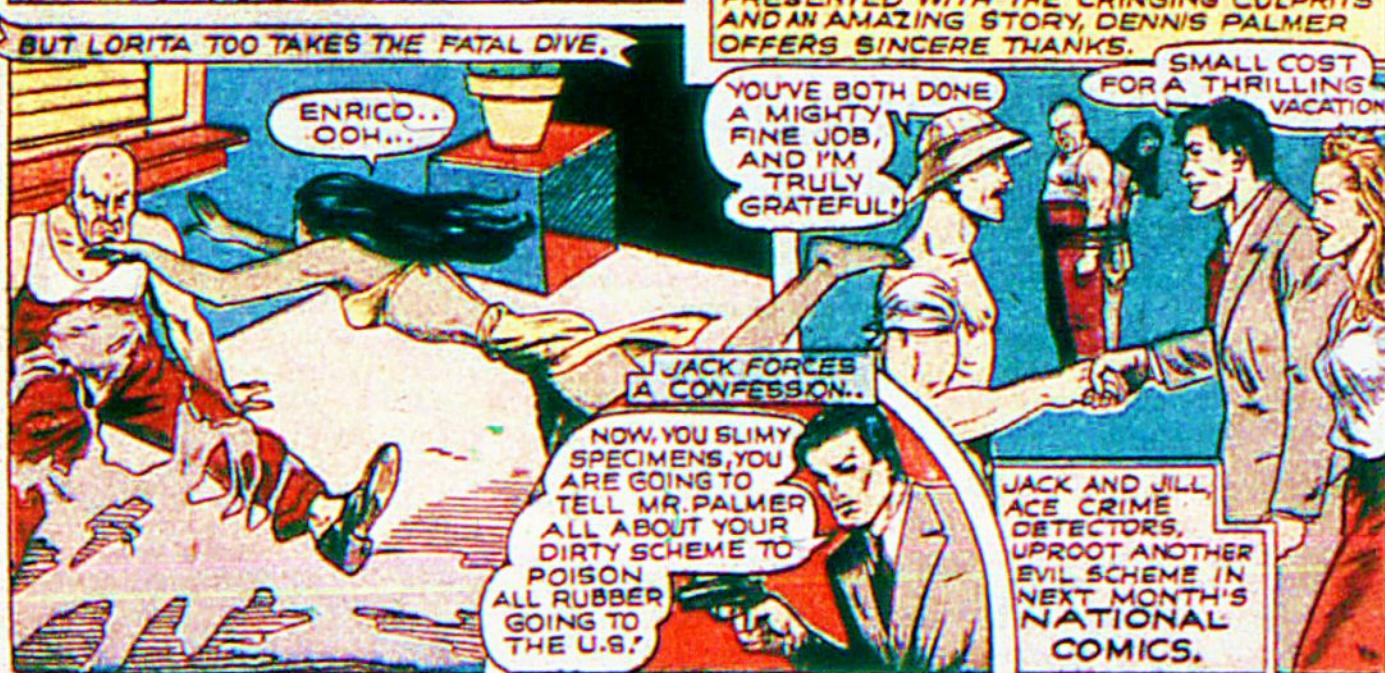
SEÑOR PALMER MUST NOT FIND OUT! ENRICO WILL NOT EXCUSE FAILURE! NOW GET TO WORK BEFORE THE LABORERS RETURN FROM THEIR MIDDAY SIESTA!

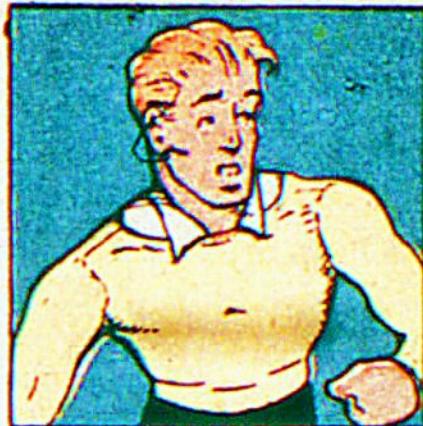






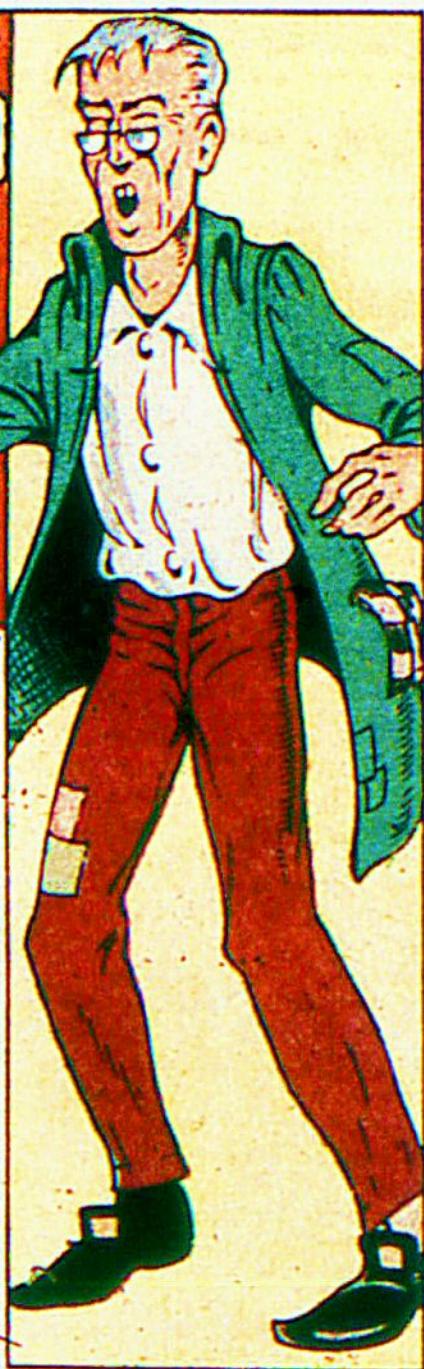
AT THIS MOMENT, THE FEMALE TAG GAME RETURNS TO ITS STARTING POINT.





The
HUNTIN' MUTT

BY
GENE
ROBERTS



ALL his life Rickey wanted a huntin' mutt . . . not a sleek, long haired show prize, or some fancy tail with a pedigree; just a huntin' mutt. . . . Once he'd read about a dog that chased rabbits, and now as he peddled his papers in the dismal canyon that is Twelfth Street in the rain Rickey forgot time and misery in the imaginary company of his pal.

A man bought a paper. Ricky hardly noticed. Why try to save two cents for a mutt if your old man's a souse who drinks your paltry pennies? Gin and dreams don't mix. Ricky sighed and stubbed his toe on a lamp post as his mind wandered down some country road after a yapping hound.

"Hey, Kid . . . it's raining! Get in here 'fore you melt!" That was old Moriarity who ran the corner delly. Sometimes, when he wasn't as pickled as the pigs feet on his counter, Moriarity was kind to Rick. That was 1930 . . . Ricky was twelve. Now shove up eleven years. It's 1941 . . . Richard Hagen is twenty-three . . . and in the Death House. . . . Here's why:

"For murder of Michael Doon, I sentence you to death—and may your soul meet a merciful haven!" The judge's voice was flat . . . final. Ricky was finished; whatever dreams he might have had were finished too, buried in the slender body that would too soon meet the clay.

Michael Doon bought a paper from Rick . . . that's how they met. The hawk-nosed old banker-miser took a fancy to the kid. He liked the guts of a kid who'd sell newspapers and talk of being a big shot some day. Although

the admiration wasn't mutual, Ricky had already learned that the first step to becoming a big shot was to pull up 'on a ladder—somebody else's ladder. So he went with Doon, became Doon's lost youth. . . . For seven long years Rick was his eyes, his ears and now he's up for murder—why? Because Michael Doon deserved to die!

Doon was a guy who'd beat the rats at their own game. He fought foul, hit low, bet high and got rich sucking the blood money from poor fools who thought they were smarter than he. His main hobby was kicking things around . . . anything, even to his own son who saw him for the scoundrel he was and disowned him as a dad. Once Doon had a dog too, a mangy cur that was born a thoroughbred and was ruined by Doon. The old skinflint preferred thoroughbreds . . . he liked to see them fall from their aristocratic thrones. Ricky was a thoroughbred even if he did come from the wrong side of town.

But the kid was the first thing that didn't run from the old man . . . the kid saw that he'd be doing himself a favor by pretending to swallow the abuse heaped upon him. After all, he was eating three square meals a day . . . that was something he never did in the old days. The old guy softened up sometimes . . . even a miser gets lonely and wants a little love. Then Ricky could get

anything he wanted . . . and he wanted plenty. The dough he got he cached in his room . . . for the "Huntin' Mutt".

The old guy scowled. Ricky came walking into the house trailing a flop-eared mutt. His face glowed. The dog's droopy jowls shook in the expectancy of a home with a kid. But Old Doon took one look at the dog and howled as he kicked it into the wall.

"You . . . you . . . ! It's MY dog! Take your filthy feet off it!" Michael Doon stared at Ricky. Hal-

He was getting notions just like that son of his . . . Good . . . Doon would kick the kid around too . . . too bad. Ricky would have made a good con man when he got older. . . .

But Ricky fought tooth and nail. The dog howled and came to the aid of his defender. In amazed respect, Doon was forced to admit he had found an equal in ruthlessness. Ricky's technique was sweet to the old guy's heart . . . he fought the same way, below the belt. So they had a truce, and being smart, Ricky forgot about the dog. . . .

So the years passed . . . everybody got to know Rick Hagen as Doon's man . . . the only human being in the world who could talk back to the old fox. But nobody knew that Michael Doon was getting seeply . . . nobody knew that at the age of twenty, Rick had talked himself glibly into a sizeable fortune . . . nobody but Rick himself, who still wanted to be a big shot. The biggest fear in his life was that sometime the real heir to Doon's wealth would come back to claim it . . . and Michael Doon had made no will to Rick's benefit. And to make his life completely incongruous, Rick now kept a huntin' mutt in the yard . . . but he never had much fun with it because the dyin' old man never let him out of his sight. Rick was two people, one the go-getting kid, the other the little newsie who still had the yen for the country road and his mutt. It was difficult to keep track of himself with Michael Doon around . . . Rick was all confused.

"He needs a pal to set him straight . . . to give him the right slant on things, but when that pal did come, Rick didn't know him."

"Hi, there, Kid. You Rick Hagen? I heard you're my father's protege. I'm Bob Doon. Can't say I'm proud of that name."

"You . . . his son?" Rick stared in disbelief. His mind jumped far ahead to the time when Bob Doon would get all of the old guy's dough. By gum . . . that wouldn't happen . . . not if Rick could help it. . . .

"Yeah, I'm Hagen. What you goin' to do about it?" His voice

was hostile, his eyes icy blue in their hatred.

"Not a thing . . . for all I care you can have the old boy . . . if you can get anything out of him, you're better than I am, and I'm his son." Ricky was nonplussed. He wasn't used to straight talk . . . from old Doon he'd got the notion that a slick trick was to talk crooked and hit straight. . . .

"See you have a dog," said Bob, "a huntin' mutt. Ever try it on a chase?" Ricky gaped in disbelief . . . the guy was actually interested in what Ricky was doing! Not like old Doon who was only interested in what he could get out of it.

Ricky opened up wide . . . he couldn't talk fast enough to tell Bob how he loved that Mutt . . . that it was the only thing belonging to him alone. And Bob took Rick hunting one day . . . to try out the "huntin' mutt". Rick used an old Ithaca shotgun. He was carrying it when he and Bob sneaked in the back around the tool shed for a smoke before Bob went back to his own home. Young Doon didn't care to meet old Doon, ever.

But Michael Doon was tottering around the yard, poking his long nose into every crevice of every outbuilding, to see if Ricky was doing right by the place. He spotted Bob, stood back stock still as though a ghost had come.

"You . . . my ill begotten son . . . spawn of your conniving mother!" The father blanched in fury . . . and Bob reddened in heated anger.

"I've waited a long time to git back at you fer skipping my house and making a fool of me to the world . . . Rick! You're my man . . . use that shot gun on this devil!"

"Ain't no devil," snarled Rick, "he's my friend, same as this mutt here . . . and he's my pal because he wants to be, not because he expects something back in pay!"

Old Michael Doon, rejuvenated temporarily by the anger that seethed through his skinny veins made a snake-like movement for the gun . . . Startled, Rick hardly resisted . . . and Bob laughed to



see the old guy waving the long gun.

"It ain't loaded, Paw" . . . but Ricky knew it was. He also knew, even better than Bob, how far Old Doon would go in a moment of rage.

The huntin' mutt snarled. Rick remembered him.

"Go it, Duke! Sic him!" Old Michael waved the shotgun feebly as the springing beast hurled him to the ground. He took aim for the dog. But Ricky leaped and landed on the man, as the shot flew wild. Doon's head banged hard on a rock. With a long hard gasp he writhed and became very still.

"I k-killed him . . ." that was all Ricky said. With the innate decency he had gotten from some distant ancestor, he gave himself up, feeling disillusioned that Bob had deserted him. Only the huntin' mutt remained to give him solace.

The death house cell door opened. It was the warden, followed by Bob.

"Rick, I hope you'll understand that I didn't walk out on you," Bob said softly.

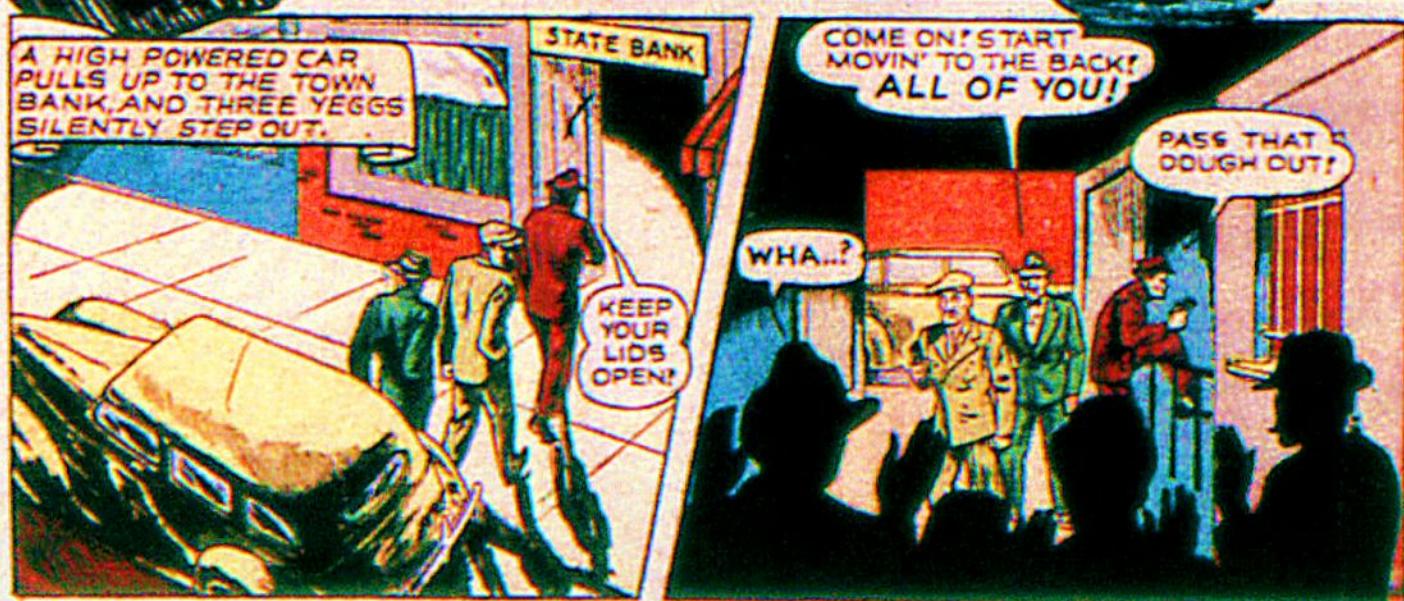
The warden explained. "Bob traced the medical reports, kid. He discovered that Old Mike was dead from the shock of the dog leaping on him. Doon had a weak heart, would have gone anyway. So, Kid, you can thank your stars you had this huntin' mutt. The Governor has pardoned you."

"You're coming with me," said Bob. "I'll try to make up for the dirty deal my father gave you. You and the huntin' mutt. We'll all be big shots together . . . the straight way!"

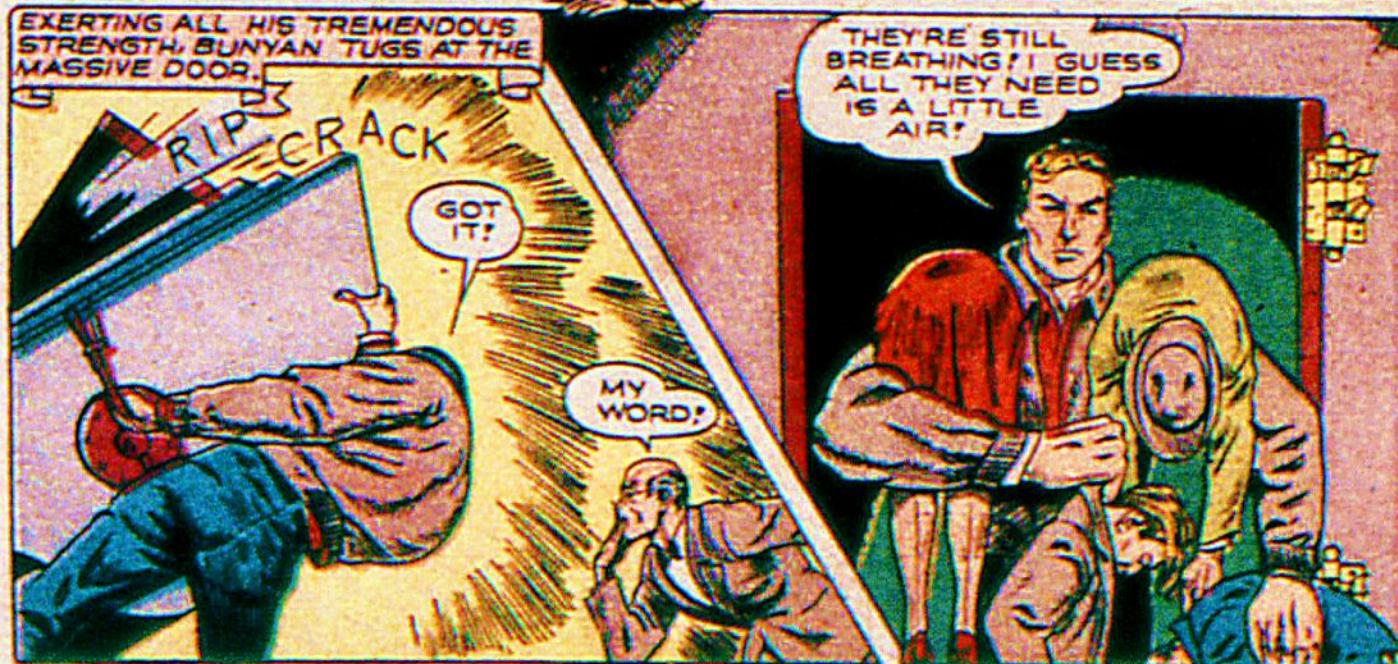
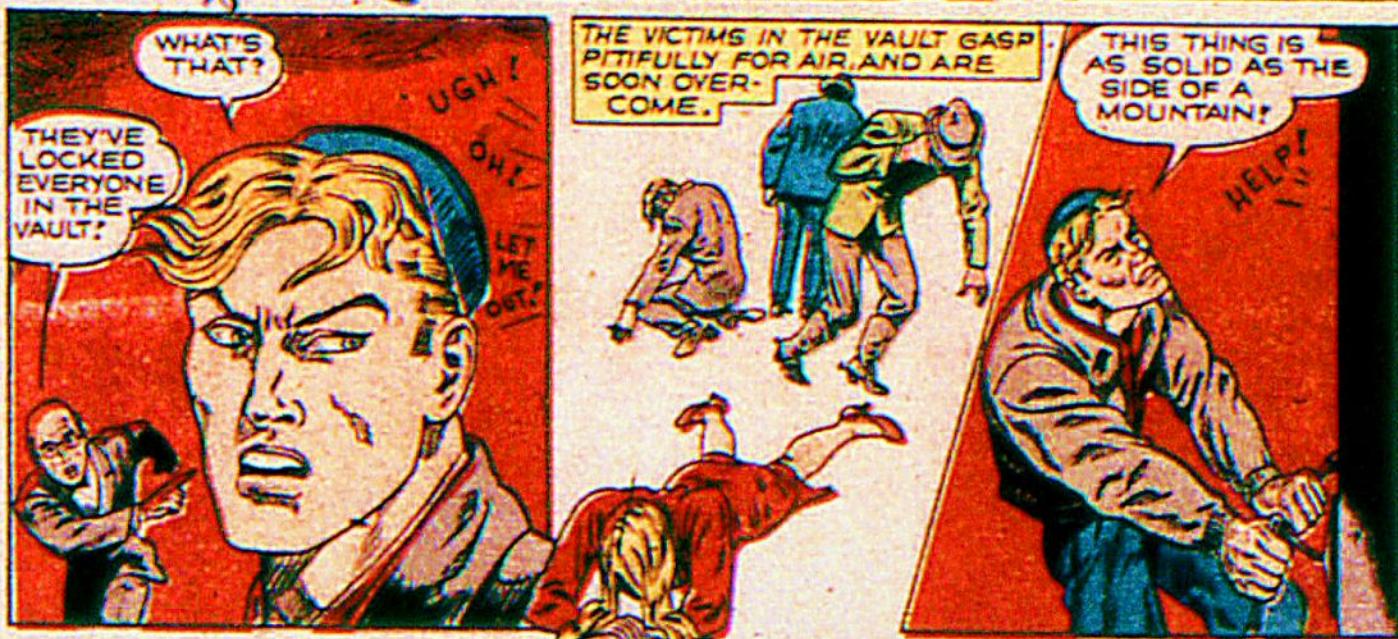
Paul BUDDYAH

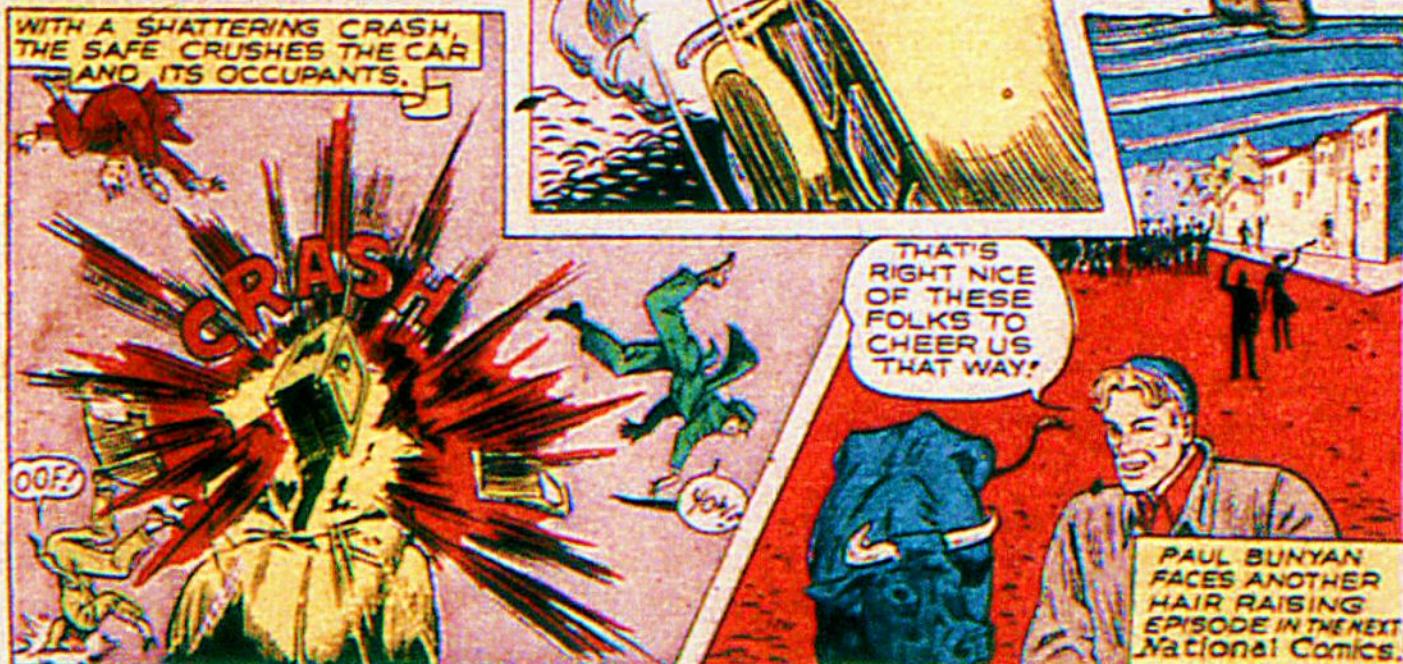
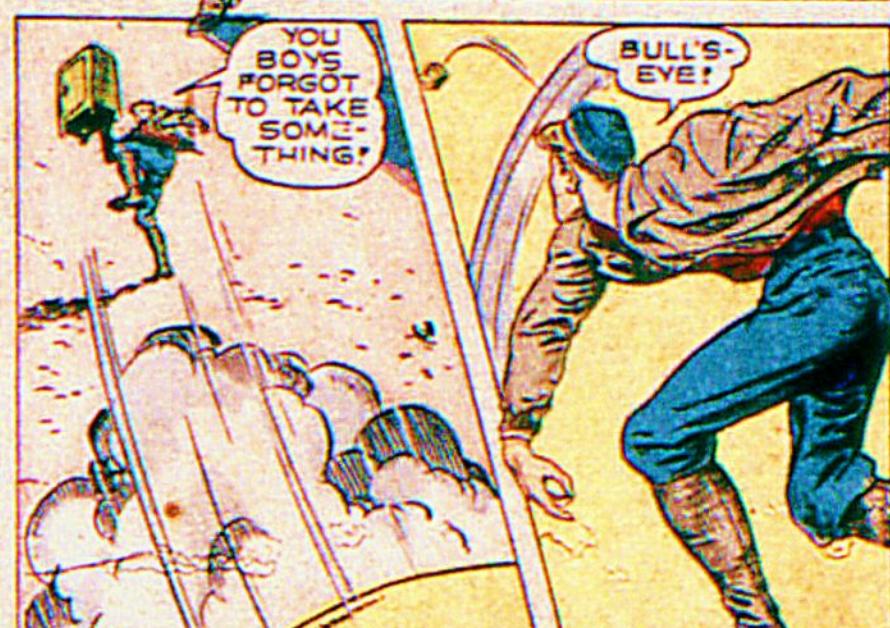
PITTING HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH AGAINST ALL ODDS, THE GIANT OF THE LUMBER CAMPS WITH HIS BLUE OX, BATTLE FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL..

by
Storey Weaver





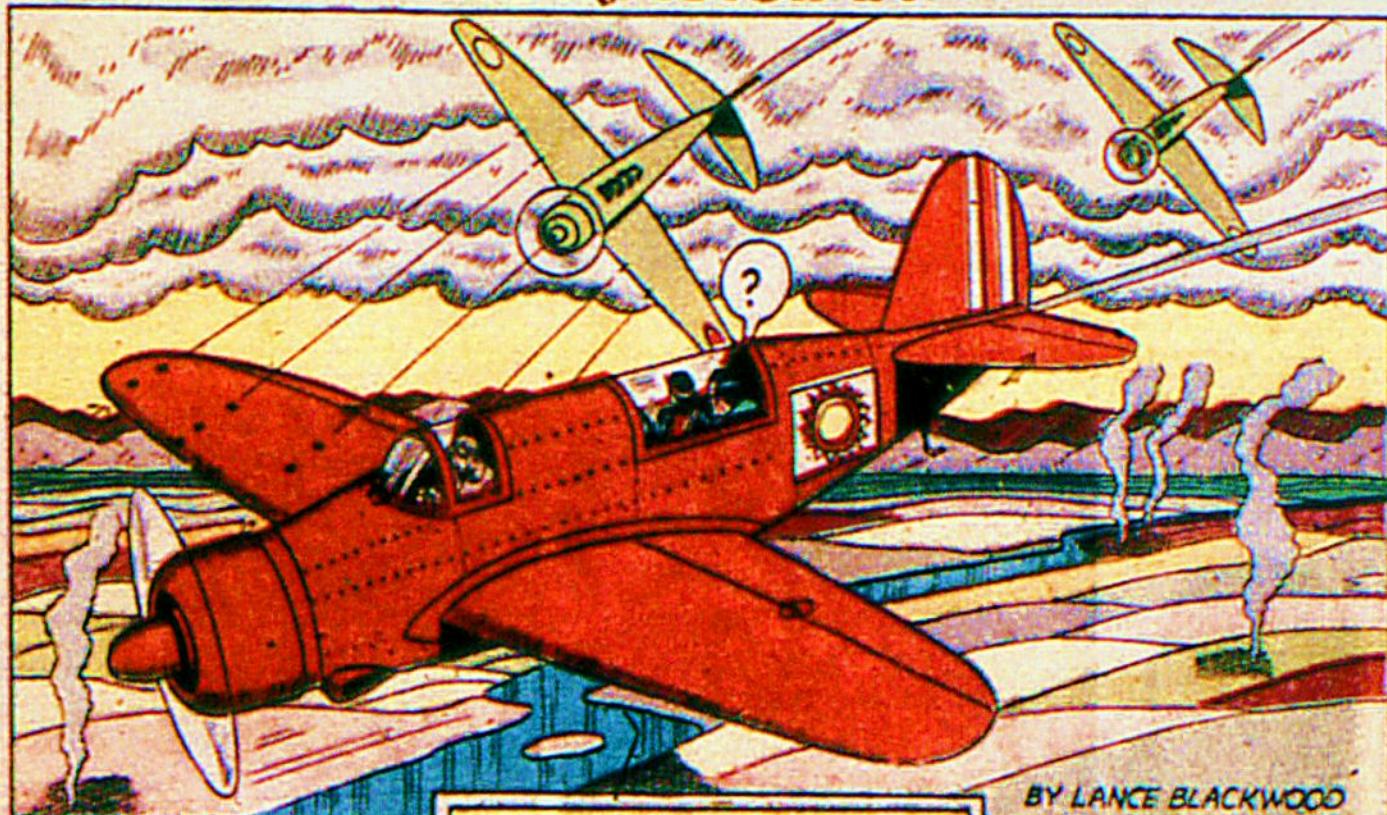






MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN



BY LANCE BLACKWOOD

MERLIN, THE GREATEST LIVING MAGICIAN HAS BEEN USING HIS MAGICAL POWERS TO AID THE CHINESE AGAINST THE INVADING JAPANESE. AT THE MOMENT HE IS ABOARD A SPECIAL PLANE ON THE CHUNGKING TO HONGKONG RUN. TWO ENEMY PLANES ROAR OUT OF THE CLOUDS TO ATTACK.

INSIDE THE AIRPLANE THE ONLY OTHER PASSENGER IS MADAME KUNG, WIFE OF A VALIANT CHINESE GENERAL.



THEY MUST HAVE HEARD OF MY SECRET MISSION. THEY WISH TO KILL ME AT ALL COSTS!



I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO HELP —
ENALPRIA EMOCEB
A RETSNOM!



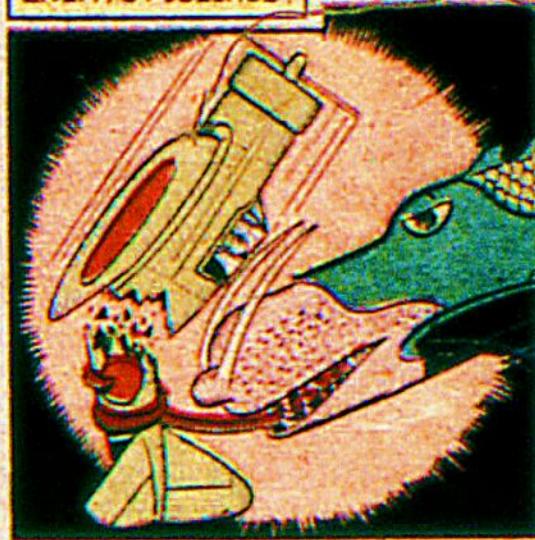
AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND THE PLANE BECOMES A HUGE FLYING METAL MONSTER!



HORRIFIED AT THE
SIGHT THE NEAREST
JAP PILOT TRIES TO
SWERVE ASIDE.

BUT HE IS TOO LATE - THE MONSTER'S
TONGUE LASHES OUT AND SMASHES THE
ENEMY'S FUSELAGE!

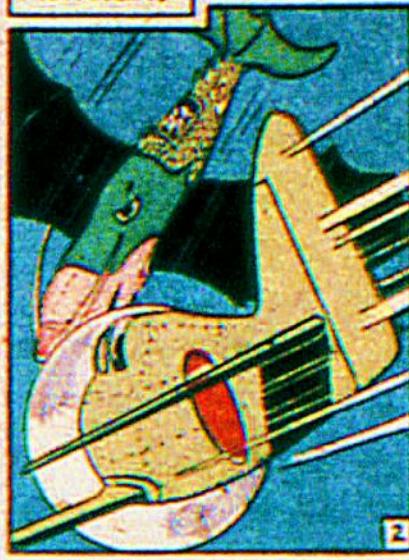
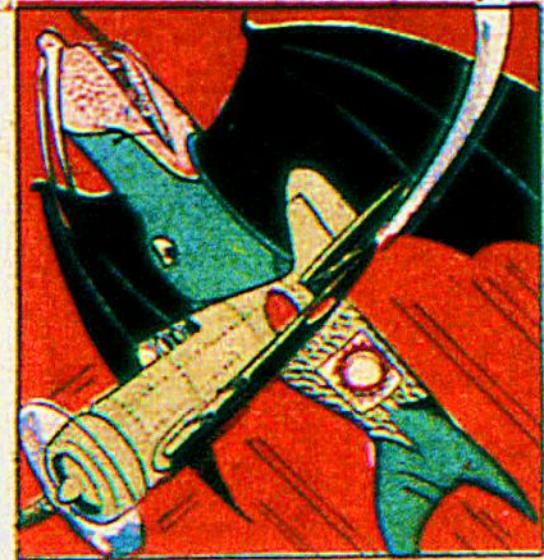
IT FALLS CRASHING TO EARTH!



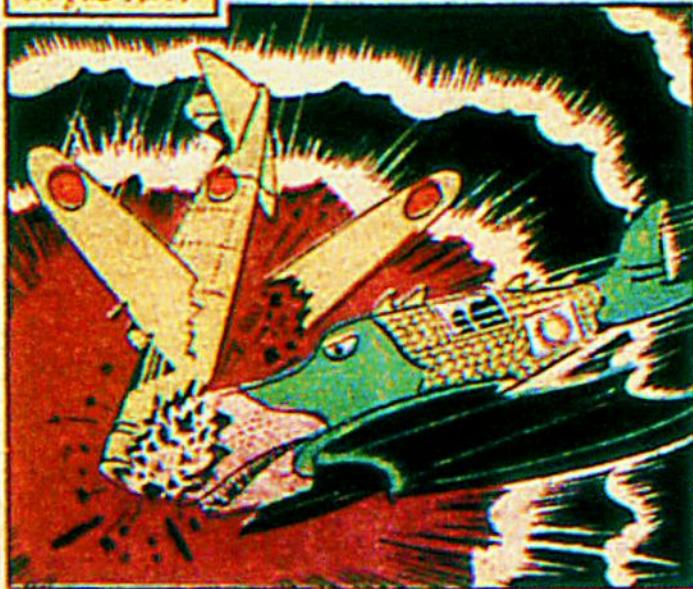
THE SECOND PLANE FLEES BUT
MERLIN'S CREATION QUICKLY FOLLOWS.

KNOWING THAT HE WILL BE
DISGRACED FOR RUNNING AWAY
THE JAP FLYER TURNS ABOUT...

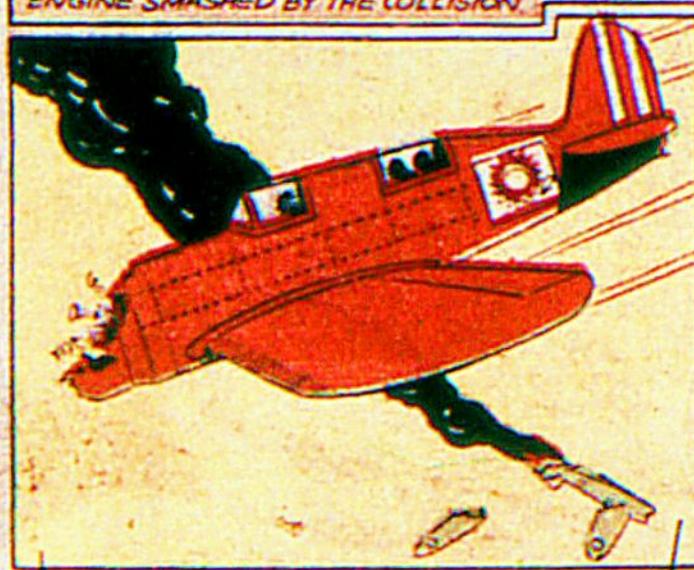
AND IN A DEATH DIVE FLIES
STRAIGHT AT THE WINGED
MONSTER!



THERE IS AN EXPLOSION AS THE TWO PLANES MEET IN MID-AIR!



THE CONCUSSION BREAKS THE SPELL AND THE CHINESE PLANE BECOMES ITSELF AGAIN WITH ITS ENGINE SMASHED BY THE COLLISION.



THE PILOT MANAGES TO GET IT UNDER CONTROL AND GLIDES DOWN.

PREPARE FOR A CRASH LANDING!



HEAD FOR THAT SANDY ISLAND IN THE RIVER!



FOLLOWING THE MAGICIAN'S ADVICE THE PILOT STEERS FOR THE BARREN ISLAND.



THE PLANE SKIDS TO A STOP ON THE SANDY DUNES...



AS A JAPANESE AMPHIBIAN TANK PUTS OUT FROM SHORE.



THIS TIME THEY'LL SURELY GET US!
BUT I HAVE A FEW TRICKS LEFT!



AS THE TANK COMES NEARER
MERLIN CALLS UPON HIS
MAGICAL POWERS.



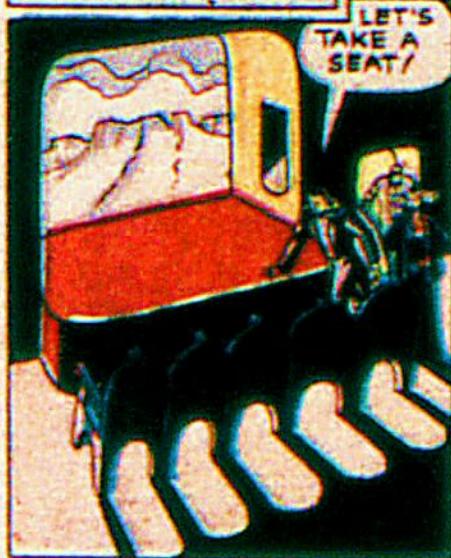
BEFORE THE THREE DESPERATE
PEOPLE APPEARS A STAIRCASE
LEADING DOWN INTO THE EARTH.



QUICKLY THEY DESCEND.

WE'RE GOING TO SEE A
SHOW DOWN HERE!

THE TRIO FIND THEMSELVES
IN A LITTLE THEATER.



MEANWHILE THE JAPS FIND
THE STAIRS.



BUT THE STEPS TURN INTO A
CHUTE - THE - CHUTE!



THE SOLDIERS ARE TUMBLED
INTO THE STAGE IN FRONT OF
MERLIN, MADAME KONG, AND
THE PILOT!



THE STAGE BECOMES A STRANGE
LAND TO THE SURPRISED JAP
SOLDIERS!



A SKELETON WALKS ACROSS
THE STAGE BEARING A
PLACARD!



SITTING BULL !
HE WAS SAVAGE
MELICAN INDIAN !

EVEN AS THE SOLDIER SPEAKS A BAND OF WILD INDIANS CHARGE AT THEM !

SHOOT !



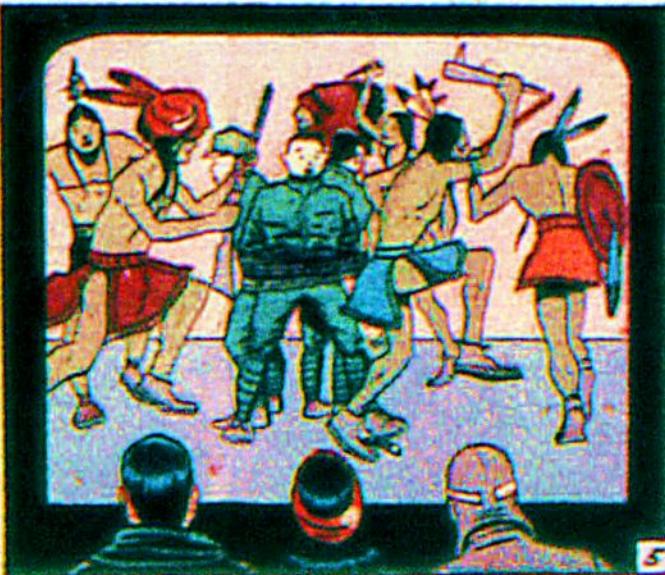
HA-HA ! CAN'T KILL
ME - I'M ALREADY
DEAD !

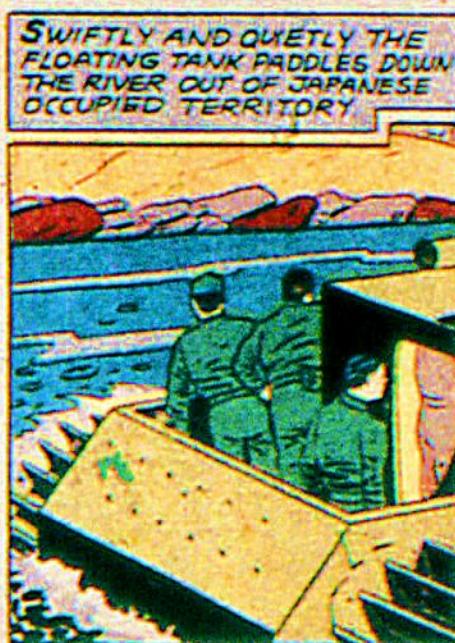
THE INDIANS FROM THE PAST JUMP FROM THEIR
MUSTANGS AND FLING THEMSELVES ON THE JAPANESE !



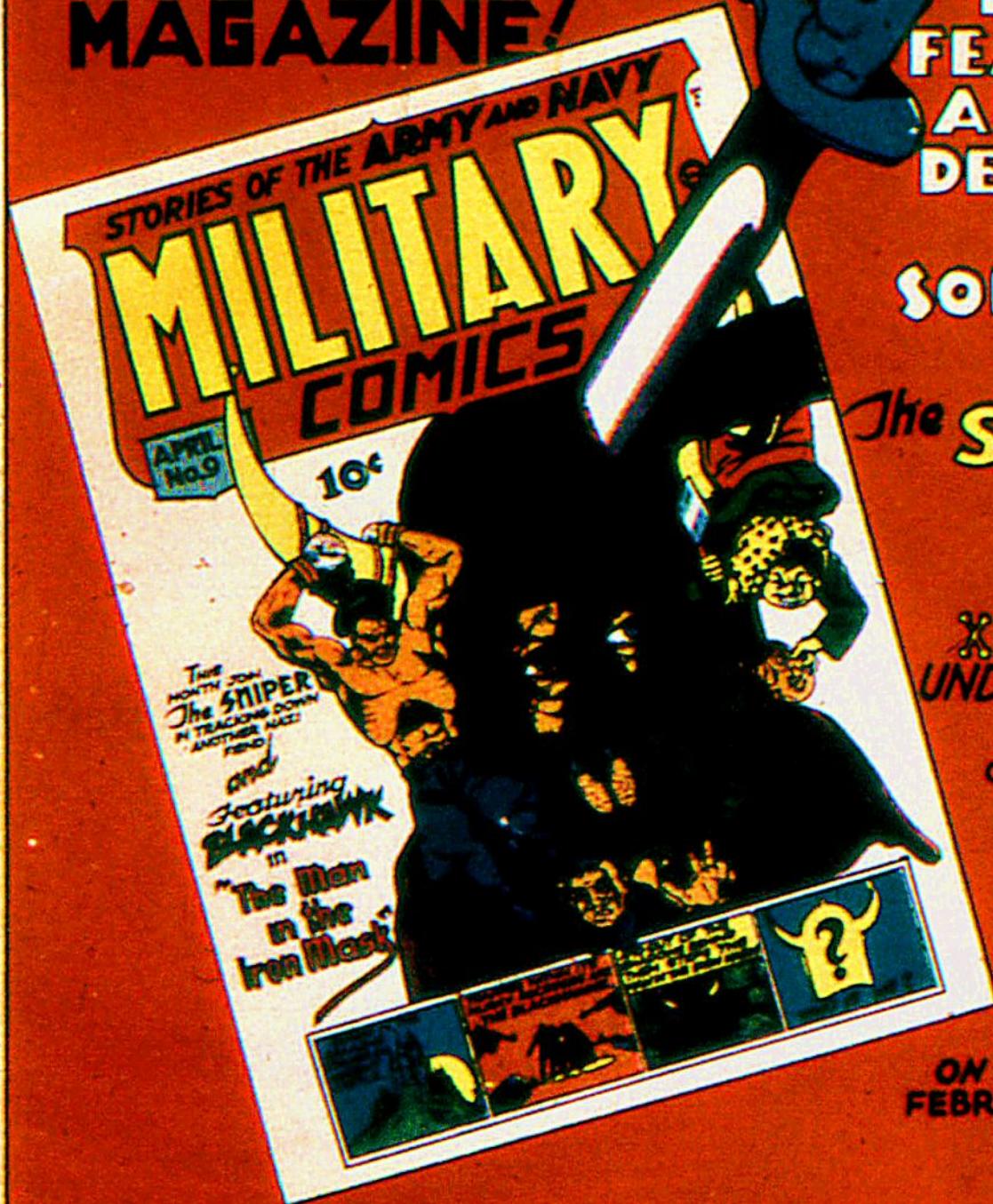
A ONE-SIDED HAND TO HAND FIGHT TAKES PLACE !

AND THE JAPANESE ARE SOON OVERPOWERED





**WE DARE YOU
TO READ THIS
MAGAZINE!**



**THESE
FEATURES
ARE NOT
DESIGNED
FOR
SOFTIES!**

What will Andre look like?



FORCED
BECAUSE
OF
HORRIBLE
SCARS, ANDRE,
ONE OF THE
BLACKHAWKS
HAS TO WEAR
THIS MASK...



BUT IN THE
ABOVE ISSUE OF
MILITARY COMICS
HIS FACE
IS RESTORED...
WHAT WILL IT BE??

← THIS IS HOW HE
USED TO LOOK!



RED RYDER Shows You HOW TO SHOOT

THE OFFICIAL RED RYDER SADDLE SHOOTING POSITION



STIRRUP
STANDING
POSITION
OFFICIAL



RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION
SIT ON RIGHT HEEL
LEFT ELBOW
ON LEFT KNEE



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION...
BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET.
SPINE IS STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY—CHEST OFF GROUND



FOLLOW THIS CLOSELY...
FOR BETTER SHOOTING!



AND I WISH EVERY BOY
IN THE WORLD COULD
TRY SHOOTIN' MY
CARBINE!

RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

RED RYDER'S COWBOY SHOOTING LESSON
These pictures show cowboy shooting positions, with specially drawn by Disney and used by Fred Harman to teach cattle on the Colorado Range before better days in New York. Since Fred creates and directs the popular N.Y.A. newspaper cartoon "Red Ryder" and Little Beaver Comic Strip, Fred Harman helped Disney design this western-style cowboy saddle carbine—so you know it's authentic.

**SHOOT
The Famous**

1000-SHOT

RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SIEGMAR, INC., N.Y.

Learn to shoot cowboy style with a cowboy carbine! Start now. Buy a 1000-shot, golden-banded Red Ryder Carbine. Set the Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight to suit your eye—load 1000 shot in 20 seconds with that Lightning-Loader Invention—pull down that western carbine style Cocking Lever—grasp the semi-curved, full-length carbine style Fore-Piece—cuddle the butt of that walnut-finish Pistol Grip Stock snug against your cheek—take careful aim—s-q-u-e-e-z-e the trigger and hit the bull's-eye! Use that handy 16-inch leather thong—knotted to genuine Western Carbine Ring... to lash Carbine to saddle or bicycle and to hang it on wall of your room! Red Ryder Carbines costs only \$2.95 at any hardware, sport goods or department store. Get yours now! If Dealer hasn't it or no Dealer is near you, send us \$2.95—we'll rush yours to you post-paid. (Duty added in Canada on all rifles.)

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DAISY PUMP GUN—KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES
30-shot, pump-action repeater. Adjustable rear sight and "no-skip" breeches on butt of pistol grip. American Walnut stock. All metal parts gun-blue with beautiful "gold" engraved jacket. Extraordinary. Only \$4.95.

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CARBINE — Daisy's most popular Model Carbine featuring Lightning-Loader Invention, Adjustable Double Notch Rear Sight.

25

NICKELLES

30-SHOT REPEATER
All Metal Parts Nickel-plated. Holds 300 shot. A repeat.

20

USE DAISY BULL'S-EYE SHOT



5¢

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ONLY
\$2.95

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